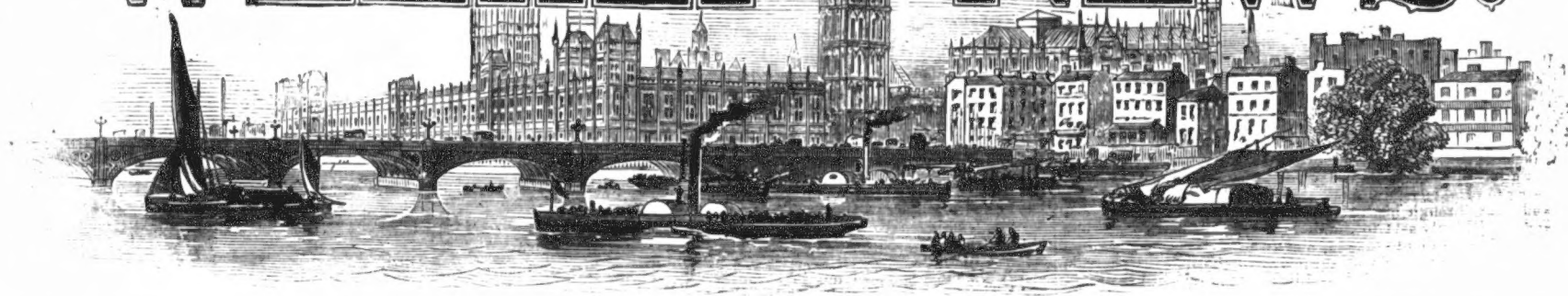


John Ruskin 3/15 Sharn
PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1863.

ONE PENNY.



SCENE FROM LORD BYRON'S TRAGEDY OF "MANFRED," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE. (See page 290.)

Notes of the Week.

THE funeral of Lord Lyndhurst took place on Saturday morning at Highgate Cemetery. Amongst those who were present was the Earl of Ellenborough, Mr. Walpole, M.P., and several other friends of the deceased. Numerous carriages joined in the procession to the cemetery.

On Saturday, information was given to the City coroner, of the sudden death of a man named Hill, which took place on the previous Friday afternoon on board the Magician steam-packet, while on her passage up the river. It appears that the deceased, who is a china and glass dealer in the Ball's Pond-road, Islington, went upon Monday week to Margate, and during his stay was in his usual health. He was accompanied by his youngest daughter. On the Friday they were on their way home, and after having left Margate about half an hour the deceased, who had seemed quite well up to that time, suddenly fell forward on his face, and upon his being picked up was found to be dead. The body was then placed in one of the berths, and upon the steamer arriving at London-bridge the pier officer obtained a shell, and the body was conveyed to the dead-house of St. Magnus the Martyr, Lower Thames-street. As may be supposed, the event created a most painful sensation amongst the passengers.

An incident took place at the Railway Clearing-house, Seymour-street, Euston-square, on Saturday morning, which should act as a warning to volunteers. A clerk at the establishment brought his rifle and went through his exercise. A fellow-clerk gave him a cap, and he jokingly said to another clerk, "I'll shoot you." The young man begged him to take his aim at some other object, and he fortunately pointed the rifle at the clock in the office. The rifle turned out to have been loaded, and its contents smashed the time-piece and lodged in the wall.

A PRISONER has made his escape from Millbank prison. It seems that a person named Brown, employed on the South-Western Railway, was returning home with his wife, from a friend's house where they had been spending the evening. When near Commercial-road, Millbank, they were passed by a man running at a great speed with only his shirt and trousers on. Brown observed to his wife that the man looked like an escaped convict, and it subsequently transpired that one had escaped from the prison. It is said that the escape was effected in a very ingenious manner, and it is understood that the subject is undergoing a thorough investigation; but, as all such matters are kept secret, no particulars can be obtained.

On Sunday, some very interesting particulars of the last years of Lord Lyndhurst were given in a funeral sermon preached after morning service in St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. Henry Howarth, B.D., the rector, who had for many years past been on intimate terms with his illustrious parishioner. The rev. gentleman took his text from Psalm xc, 11, 12. "Who considereth the power of Thy wrath?" &c. After a masterly analysis of this funeral psalm, which appropriately enough happened to be one of the psalms for the day, Mr. Howarth proceeded to speak of the late peer. Public life had its grievous temptations. The time of statesmen was absorbed in the weight of human affairs. No doubt the work was great, and they who did it worthily were public benefactors, but it disposed them to take to little thought of religion. Many a public life has been saddened at its close by this reflection, and he well knew that nothing so called forth Lord Lyndhurst's perpetual gratitude to God as that He had enabled him, by extending his life far beyond the allotted time, to "redeem the time." And nobly did he redeem the time. His mind was fully occupied with the importance of religion. He was incessant in the earnest preparations which he made for death. He applied all the power of his marvellous intellect and all his apprehensive quickness to the study of religion. Great as he was he bowed down before the greatness of the Supreme Being. Through religion his natural kindness and loving disposition were refined into the highest Christian graces, which were profusely shown in his relation with all who came in contact with him—wife, daughter, servants, everybody. His last articulate words were "Happy, happy, happy," and happy he was indeed. Those who ministered to him knew his true humility, his hearty repentance, his serene and earnest hope. He died in peace and charity with all mankind. The sermon was listened to with great attention, and at the conclusion the "Dead March" in "Saul" was played on the organ.

On Sunday morning a melancholy accident occurred at the Woodside landing-stage, to Mr. John James Conway, barrister-at-law, who resided at 5, Vernon-place, Conway-street, Birkenhead, and occupied chambers in the Clarendon-rooms, Liverpool. Mr. Conway, it appears, reached the George's landing-stage yesterday morning, about one o'clock, just as the steamer Liverpool was leaving for Woodside. The unfortunate gentleman, evidently anxious not to be detained an hour on the Liverpool side, made a determined effort to get on board the boat, and thrust his head under the chains in front of the stage. The officer on duty being apprehensive that he would tumble into the river, endeavoured to hold him back, but Mr. Conway leaped to the steamer, and with the assistance of one of the crewmen he was safely got on board. He then went into the cabin, where he sat until the Liverpool reached the Woodside stage. The crew took no especial notice of him until the gangway was being lowered into the steamer, when he was observed standing on the sponson aft of the paddle-box, as if about to jump upon the stage. One of the crew called to him to wait until the gangway was ready, but, disregarding the caution, he leaped from the boat, and in attempting to pass over the low chains which run in front of the stage, about three or four feet from the edge, he stumbled, and fell backwards into the river between the steamer and the stage. His face was seen for an instant in the water, and then he disappeared, having doubtless been carried under the stage by the flood tide.

On Saturday afternoon, Dr. Birt Davies, coroner, held an inquest at the Grand Turk, Ludgate-hill, Wednesday, touching the death of William Henry Sparrow, aged twenty-nine, a millwright, who resided in Dudley-street, Wednesday. It appeared from the evidence, that the deceased has been about ten years in the employment of Messrs. Lloyd, Foster, and Co., at their ironworks, called the New Forge, Wednesday. On the previous Wednesday afternoon, about four o'clock, the deceased was in the turning shop, engaged in replacing an iron crane which had got out of order. To do so he placed a ladder against the top of the upright of the crane, and was standing on the ladder whilst engaged in putting the crane in its proper position. To prevent him from falling, he had a rope fastened around his body, the other end being secured by being fastened to the upright of the crane. Whilst boring a hole in the top of the crane with an auger, the crane gave way from his pressure upon it. Frightened lest he should fall, the deceased grasped a revolving shaft which was near him, and was making about eighty revolutions a minute. In an instant he was carried round the shaft, his body striking against some of the woodwork near it. The engine-driver, who was close to, at once stopped the machinery, and the deceased was got down from the shaft. He was very badly hurt, and being taken home he was afterwards placed in a cart to be conveyed to the General Hospital. He remained in a sensible state until the cart got past West Bromwich. When in the Soho-road he died in the cart. The body was, however, taken to the General Hospital, and upon reaching that institution Mr. Bracey examined the body of the deceased. He found that the ribs on the left side were broken, the lung being wounded in two places. The right thigh and the left leg of the deceased were broken. There were also several contusions about the body. The deceased died from the effects of the injuries. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The vacancies created by the death of M. Billault are filled up. M. Rouher, President of the Council of State, becomes Minister of State in the room of M. Billault. M. Rouher takes the place of M. Rouher. M. de Foras de la Roquette and Chaix d'Est-ange become Vice-Presidents of the Council of State. The talking duty which M. Billault used to perform so admirably will probably fall chiefly to the lot of his ancient colleague, M. Baroche. M. Rouher, who is called directly to succeed M. Billault, is a man of high character and solid ability, and a clear and sensible speaker; but he does not pretend to the singular—indeed, almost unequalled—fluency, readiness and dexterity in debate which distinguished his predecessor.

PRUSSIA.

A Berlin letter, of October 14, has the following:—
"His Prussian Majesty has been again obliged to absent himself from one of the great holidays of the nation. Three months ago, he promised to attend the solemnities connected with the inauguration of the Cologne Cathedral. The interior of the building is now complete. Visitors are pouring in, from far and near, to view this magnificent monument of Gothic art; but the King of the country in which it raises its lofty columns is not among the number; he has excluded himself from the privilege. He desired exceedingly to come, and his myrmidons tried hard to get him a reception in harmony with the occasion and place. The bishop, and the Catholic interest of the cathedral town, were called to the rescue. The clergy were to be ordered out in grand array, and with them the brethren of the fraternity of the Lamb slain, the workmen employed on the cathedral, and, no doubt, it was intended that the children of the charity schools should parade before their Sovereign, and represent the inhabitants of the wealthy and populous town of Cologne. To blend the humble with the rich, and impress the sovereign with a sense of his popularity, two eminent bankers were to dispute the honour of regaling him with the dainties of Paris on the plate of London. Such was the programme. Suddenly, however, the King appears to have been warned by some intelligent, and it is just possible 'old liberal' friend. The head of the local police was summoned to Baden-Baden, to report upon the state of opinion at Cologne, and the probable reception of the royal visit. What he deputed, in deference to truth, corroborated the suspicions already entertained; so the King decided not to go. It was feared, that if his Majesty were to attend, the people would shut themselves up in their houses, and leave him to perform the inaugural solemnities alone, except, perhaps, the masons and charity children. The revelation was bitter, but opportune; at any rate, it belonged to that class of stubborn facts which cannot be reasoned away by argument or veiled over with official euphuism. Two days before his expected arrival a telegram was sent to Cologne conveying the regrets of the King, and stating his inability to attend on the 15th. On that day unavoidable business required his presence at Berlin; he would, however, come the day before, and have a hasty look at the venerable pile. What a deplorable state of things!"

TURKEY AND POLAND.

The *Independence Bege* has the following singular statement:—
"Some extraordinary intelligence has reached us from St. Petersburg. The Poles, seeing their hopes on the side of Western Europe, disappointed, have, it is stated, offered to Turkey an alliance offensive and defensive to reconquer for the empire of the sultans all that its successive wars with the czars have caused it to lose. These proposals, which would be acceptable to a large portion of the revolutionary elements in the insurrection of Poland, have been accepted, or at least Russia has ceased to fear that they may be; and in anticipation of a combined aggression on the part of Turkey in the south and of Sweden in the north, with the co-operation of France, she is preparing to transform the town of Kertch into a place of war of the first class. Under these circumstances she would cover the entrance of the Sea of Azoff, destined to become the arsenal and the place of evolution of an armed fleet. Already General Tolbeba has left for the Crimea in order to carry out the projects of his Government. Although this news comes to us through our correspondent at St. Petersburg, ordinarily well-informed, we give it with the utmost reserve."

SPAIN.

The Empress of the French arrived at the Royal Palace, Madrid, at eight o'clock on Sunday evening. An immense crowd assembled at the railway terminus and in the streets through which her Majesty passed, and gave her a cordial reception.
The King and the Marquis de Miraflores met the Empress of the French at the terminus. The Queen received her Majesty very affectionately.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

The Ionian parliament has resolved by a vote of thirty-three to three that the protectorate of England over the Ionian Islands shall cease immediately, the Senate be dissolved, and the Ionian Islands forthwith be annexed to Greece.

AMERICA.

A Washington despatch of the 5th instant says:—
"Full official advices of a late date have been received at the Navy Department from Admiral Dahlgren. They are full and very satisfactory, and although from their nature their publication at this time would be highly indiscreet, they show that neither Dahlgren nor Gilmore are idle, but that they are pushing forward the preparations for a renewal of active and efficient operations. These two distinguished commanders have too much the interest of the cause at heart, and are too busily engaged in forwarding their preparations for the reduction of the fortifications and the capture of the city, to waste their time in the foolish bickerings and jealousies ascribed to them by certain newspaper correspondents and others. On the contrary, they are working cordially and heartily together, and the results of their co-operation will be witnessed before long in a manner which will convince Beauregard and his friends and sympathisers that all the barbarism was not exhausted in the first shelling of the devoted city."

The reports from Charleston, published on the 5th, are as follows:—

"Fortress Monroe, Oct. 4.
"The *Richmond Examiner* of the 3rd inst. has been received. It contains the following despatch:—

"Charleston, Oct. 2.
"Heavy firing was kept up during last night. The enemy's movements on Morris Island indicate permanent more than immediate operations. Two Monitors are kept close to the island doing picket duty. There has been but little firing to-day."

The reports from Chattanooga, published on same date, are as follows:—

"General Bragg has consented to exchange wounded with Rosecranz. Affairs are unchanged at Chattanooga. General Rosecranz receives his supplies by wagon trains from Stevenson. The rumours that Rosecranz's supplies were cut off were not credited. Rosecranz is confined to his works around Chattanooga, our lines extending to the river above and below him. His defences are strong, and thought to be so superior that no assault will be made."

A SCENE FROM "MANFRED."

THE illustration in the front page is a scene from "Manfred," now performing with immense success to overflowing houses at Drury-lane Theatre. The scene is painted by Telbin, and represents the glaciers near to the summit of the Jungfrau mountain, one of the highest of the Alpine range. Manfred, the dreaming misanthrope, repairs to the lonely spot, and resolved upon suicide, is about taking the fatal leap, when a chamois hunter, who suspecting something wrong dogged his footsteps, arrests him as it were on the brink of eternity. The picture is admirably painted by Mr. Telbin, and the precipitous pathway through the craggy mountain perfectly arranged. The scene is very effective, and although not the most gorgeous or startling in the play, perhaps the most artistic.

AN INCIDENT OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

ABOUT a twelvemonth since, when disaster everywhere overtook the Union arms, and all our gallant sons were falling fast under the marvellous sword of rebellion, a young lady scarce nineteen, just from an academy in a sister State, conceived the idea that she was destined by Providence to lead our armies to victory, and our nation through successful war. It was at first thought by her parents—a highly respectable family in Willoughby-street—that her mind was weakened simply by reading continual accounts of reverses to our arms, and they treated her as a sick child. This only had the effect of making her more demonstrative, and her enthusiastic declaration and apparent sincerity gave the family great anxiety. Dr. B. was consulted, the minister was spoken to, friends advised, family meetings held, interviews with the young lady and her former companions in the academy were frequent, but nothing could shake the feeling which possessed her. It was finally resolved upon to take her to Michigan. An old maid aunt accompanied the fair enthusiast, and for weeks Ann Arbor became their home. But travel had no effect upon the girl. The stern command of her aunt alone prevented her from making her way to Washington to solicit an interview with the President, for the purpose of getting command of the United States army. Finally, it was found necessary to restrain her from seeing any but her own family, and her private parlour became her prison. To a high-spirited girl this would be unendurable at any time, but to a young lady filled with such an hallucination it was worse than death. She resolved to elude her friends, and succeeded—leaving them clandestinely—and although the most distinguished detectives of the east and the west were employed to find her whereabouts, it was unavailing. None could ever conjecture her hiding-place. This was last April. She was mourned as lost, the habiliments of mourning were donned by her grief-stricken parents, and a suicide's grave was assumed to be hers. But it was not so. The infatuated girl, finding no sympathy among her friends, resolved to enter the army, disguised as a drummer boy, dreaming, poor girl, that her destiny would be worked out by such a mode. She joined the drum corps of a Michigan regiment at Detroit, her sex known only to herself, and succeeded in getting with her regiment to the army of the Cumberland. How the poor girl survived the hardships of the Kentucky campaign, where strong men fell in numbers, must for ever remain a mystery. The regiment to which she was attached had a place in the division of the gallant Van Cleve, and during the battle of last Sunday the fair girl fell, pierced in the left side with a Minie ball, and when borne to the surgeon's tent her sex was discovered. She was told by the surgeon that her wound was mortal, and advised to give her name, that her family might be informed of her fate. This she finally, though reluctantly, consented to do, and the colonel of the regiment, although suffering himself from a painful wound, became interested in her behalf, and prevailed upon her to let him send a despatch to her father. Here, then, is a short incident of the war, which might read like romance. But to the unhappy family, who are now bowed down by grief, romance loses its attraction, and the actual sad, eventful history of poor Emily will be a family record for generations to come.—*Brooklyn (New York) Times*.

TERRIFIC COLLIERY EXPLOSION IN SOUTH WALES.—THIRTY-FIVE LIVES LOST.

We deeply regret to have to announce that another of those fearful visitations to which the district of South Wales is so liable occurred in the Morfa Colliery, Margam, Glamorganshire on Saturday, and that no less than thirty-five poor fellows have been thereby hurried into eternity.

The Morfa Colliery (in which two previous accidents have occurred) is situated about eight miles from Neath. It is the property of, or situate on the estate of, C. R. M. Talbot, Esq., M.P., and lord-lieutenant of the county, but is leased to and worked by the Messrs. H. Hussey Vivian, M.P., and Sons, Mr. Pendarris Vivian being the resident manager.

The Morfa Colliery is one of the largest in South Wales, and to convey to our readers some faint idea of its size and importance we may mention the following particulars:—Generally speaking there are about 800 colliers engaged in the pit, which works between 600 and 700 tons of coal per day, which is shipped at Port Talbot, Neath, and Swansea. The colliery is known as a "fery" one, has literally miles of underground workings, is ventilated by means of a furnace with two shafts for the down and return air, and is always worked with locked safety lamps.

The distressing explosion to which we now refer occurred about half-past ten on Saturday morning. There were about 400 men in the pit at the time, but the effect of the explosion was happily confined to the Old Mine Foot Vein, where forty-three men and boys were at work. Several were killed from burns, but the great majority died from the equally fatal effects of fire damp. Nearly the whole of the men were married, and a large number of children have been thus suddenly rendered destitute. Mr. Wm. Gray, the general underground manager, was in the heading at the time of the explosion, and was rendered senseless. He was removed with great difficulty, and under medical skill progresses favourably.

Many touching scenes were witnessed, and the anxious forebodings of the wives and mothers around the mouth of the pit, the shrieks of the bereaved as the form of the husband and father was brought to the surface, cannot be easily depicted. The whole district of Tarbach, Margam, Neath, Swansea, &c., has been deeply affected by this melancholy event, whilst in the more immediate locality there is almost universal weeping and sorrow.

A DANGEROUS LEAP.—A little after midnight on Tuesday last a young fellow named Peter Carr, who has recently enlisted into the 6th Rifles, made a dangerous leap from one of the windows of the Duke's Head Inn, Broad-street, Reading. He went to bed in due course on that night, but somewhat the worse for liquor; and about the time named Sergeant Carr, of the 69th Regiment, heard a noise as of some one falling to the ground in the yard. Sergeant Carr went to the spot, and found the recruit lying on the ground and bleeding from a wound in the head. A cab was obtained, and he was conveyed to the Royal Berks Hospital, where it was found that his right arm was dislocated at the elbow, and that he was in other ways injured, but not dangerously. The height of the barrack room window from which he jumped is from twenty-five to thirty feet. It is supposed that it was his intention to desert.—*Berks Chronicle*.

EXEMPT, DECIDEDLY.—"Ugh! How do you make out that you are exempt, eh?" "I am over age, I am a negro, a minister, a cripple, a British subject, and an habitual drunkard."—*American Paper*.

General News.

THE ladies of Victoria, determined not to be behind their sisters in the other hemisphere, have subscribed some £500 for the purpose of presenting a bridal gift to the Princess of Wales. The present assumes the shape of a piece of gold plate, made by one of our Melbourne jewelers. The design, which is for a flower-stand, is exceedingly graceful and beautiful. From a silver base, weighing over fifty ounces, rises a representation of one of our fern trees. The stem of the tree is encrusted by clematis, and its leaves expand gracefully at the top of the ornament. The receptacles for the flowers consist of five emus' eggs, which are surrounded at the rims by a tasteful raised work, representing different Australian flowers. The scroll is three-sided, and on each face a coat-of-arms is enamelled—the Danish, Prince of Wales's, and Australian arms. The whole rests on a plateau of native silver. Over sixty ounces of gold will be used in the manufacture of this ornament. The inscription is as follows:—"To her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, from the ladies of Victoria, March 14, 1863." This handsome cadeau will do credit to the colony, and will, no doubt, be received by the royal lady for whom it is destined with satisfaction, and as a proof of the loyalty of the ladies of the antipodes.

M. H. DE PRNE, in his "chronique," in the *France*, announces that among the fashions to be adopted by the fair sex in Paris during the coming season, is that of feminine whiskers. The little tuft, says the writer, which starts from the root of the hair on the side, and which formerly formed the little curl known as an *accroche-cœur*, is now to fall straight down the cheek in a thick mass.

THE interview between the Kings of Prussia and Belgium at Baden-Baden is reported to have been of no satisfactory nature, and the two sovereigns are said to have parted but ill pleased with each other. King Leopold is believed to have pointed out to his brother potentate that persistence in the present system was likely to breed seditious disaffection in the Rhine provinces.

THE little library the Jutland ladies were to present the Princess of Wales with on her marriage day has been at length completed, and will be shortly sent over to England. It is intended to form a supplement to the collection her royal highness took with her from Copenhagen, and contains the works of thirty-four Danish authors, together with several atlases and illustrated works. Among other writers of miscellaneous character, the King of Denmark is represented in it by his "Essay on Northern Antiquities," which heads the list in the Danish original, together with an English, French, Greek, Italian, German, and Czechian translation. The bindings of shagreen and moire antique are provided with the initials of her royal highness, surmounted by a crown and tracery work. In some of the bindings the ornamental gilding is executed after the drawings of eminent Danish artists, the workmanship being so neat and perfect in its way as to add not a little to the value of the handsome gift.

It is said that some time since the Prince Royal of Prussia was looking at several emigrants embarking at Danzig for America, when a quay porter approached and said, "If your royal highness will give me half a crown I will tell you how to prevent any further emigration." "Here is a gold Frederic," replied the prince; "speak." "Well, then, let the King send M. Bismark to America, and I promise you no Prussian will follow him."

THE *France* states that the Russian Admiralty are at present building 200 gun-boats, plated with iron, on a new model. They are not to draw more than four feet six inches of water, and may consequently serve in shallow places. Such boats are regarded by the Russian admirals as very useful for the defence of Cronstadt, of which the works are surrounded by groups of rocks, which render the approach very difficult for ships drawing much water. The Russian Government expects that these gun-boats may be launched before the Baltic is frozen; and, as the arsenal at Cronstadt is occupied with other works, orders have been sent to a private establishment in Prussia for 200 guns capable of throwing shot 100 pounds weight to arm the boats.

A TELEGRAPHIC correspondence has just passed between the Porte and Her Majesty's Foreign Office, through the Turkish embassy in London, on the subject of the arrested iron-clads in the Mersey. The Ottoman Government is willing to purchase these vessels at Mr. Laird's price—£130,000 each—and Earl Russell, though unable at present to give effect to this wish, has expressed his readiness to promote it at the earliest moment the existing embargo can be removed. It is not, therefore, improbable that, instead of defending Charleston or devastating New York, these formidable ships may, before many weeks have passed, mount guard in the Bosphorus or the Dardanelles.—*Levant Herald*

A PARIS letter says:—"It is confirmed on all hands that the Empress is going to Madrid; moreover, she will there drop her *uniquito* and be received by the Queen of Spain with all pomp and ceremony. It is possible that the political importance of this visit may not be so great as some suppose; but, at all events, it will be a great day for Eugénie de Montijo when she first sets her foot as an Empress upon the pavement of that city of Madrid where but a few years ago she was conspicuous among the belles of the fashionable world as a rather fast young lady."

MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT HENRY WYNARD, C.B., who has been gazetted to the colonelcy of the 98th Regiment of foot, vice General W. L. Darling, deceased, entered the army as ensign February 25, 1819. He became Lieutenant July 17, 1823; captain, May 20, 1826; major, July 25, 1841; and lieutenant-colonel, December 30, 1842. He served with the force in New Zealand from October, 1845, until January, 1847, in command of the 58th Regiment, and commanded the advance division up the Kowai River, and on through the interior from the landing up to the position before Raupekaheka, and entered the breach with the stormers in the assault on Kawiti's pah, January 11, 1846. He was appointed to the command of the forces in New Zealand in January, 1851, and held her Majesty's commission as Lieutenant-Governor of New Ulster from 1851 to 1853, and administered the Government of the whole colony from December, 1853, to September, 1855. He became colonel, June 20, 1854; major-general, October 26, 1858; and since April, 1859, has held the appointment of Lieutenant-General Commanding the Forces and Lieutenant-Governor at the Cape of Good Hope.

MRS. MARY TURNER, an independent lady, residing at Stacksteads, near Bury (the widow of the late John Turner, of that place), who had been in a desponding state of mind for some days, went out of her house on Saturday night with a candle in her hand, stating that she was going to the outhouse. She left the candle on the wall, and, being away some time, it was thought she had gone into a married daughter's house next door. She was afterwards seen by a neighbour in the direction of the railway, which is only a field's length from her house. Search was made for her during the night, but nothing more was heard of her until Sunday morning, when her body was discovered, at half-past six o'clock, by the guard of a goods train, lying on the railway about a hundred yards from Stacksteads Station, and opposite her own residence. Her head was crushed by a train passing over it, and from the appearance of the body there is little doubt the unfortunate lady had laid herself down on the rail, and that the night luggage train from Bacup had passed over her.

THE steam ram El Tousson still lies moored alongside the Victoria Wharf, Liverpool. She is now under surveillance of a party of marines. At dusk on Sunday a marine, under arms, was pacing the fore-castle. The Goshawk is not now moored alongside El Tousson, but is moored to the quay, at the stern of the ram. Workmen were employed up to Saturday afternoon on board El Tousson, shifting forward her fittings.—*Liverpool Advertiser*

AN EXTRAORDINARY CLERGYMAN.

LAST week we gave particulars of Mr. Henniker's conduct in refusing to read the burial service over the body of an aged parishioner, named Alcock, and actually detaining the body in the church until, after it had remained above ground fourteen days, it was taken possession of by some of the parishioners and interred by the Rev. H. Ward, of Calton. Mr. Henniker by his conduct excited a strong feeling of indignation, which led on Sunday last to the results we are about to describe. A great number of persons assembled in and out of the church during the afternoon service, and greeted the rev. gentleman on his arrival with shouts and hisses. The service lasted about fifteen minutes, during which several persons standing at the door shouted in the church, and we are informed several stones were thrown in also. At the conclusion of the service there was a great crowd outside the church, waiting to give Mr. Henniker a "reception," but instead of coming out the way he was expected, he came out another way, after using some very harsh language to his clerk, calling him a fool and a liar. The crowd then followed Mr. Henniker down a by-road about fifty yards from the church, hissing and shouting, and we are told several clods were thrown at him. Here he made a rush at a group of persons, who all ran away, except a young man, a shoemaker, from Cheadle, whom he struck. The Rev. B. Henniker is not only the incumbent of Calton, but of the adjoining parish of Waterfall, both livings being in the gift of the father, Mr. A. Henniker. He is quite a young man. For some time he has been in the habit of conducting the services at both churches in the most extraordinary manner, generally dispensing with the Confession, the Absolution, the Thanksgiving, the prayer for the royal family, and many other prayers, and also with singing and preaching. Sometimes, however, a homily or a tract has taken the place of a sermon. But the strangest thing of all is that he has been in the habit, until some months ago, of reading the Lessons from the Douai version of the Bible, and since he has given up this practice he has read unauthorized translations from scraps of paper. The service, curtailed in the way described, has generally been got through in fifteen or twenty minutes. This course of conduct, coupled with his refusing early in the present year to bury a little child named Basset, who died of typhus fever, resulted in an inquiry by the rural dean, the Rev. J. Simpson, of Alstonfield. The latter gentleman buried the child himself, after it had been in the church several days, including Sunday, when the stench from the corpse filled the whole church. The result of the inquiry was that Mr. Henniker signed a declaration drawn up by Mr. Simpson, in which he promised to conduct the church services properly for the future. He, however, soon relapsed into his old way, with the exception that he did not commence reading the Douai Bible, but read from scraps of paper as stated above. There can be no doubt that Mr. Henniker is liable to be proceeded against on ecclesiastical law both for refusing to bury, and for his systematic violation of the order of service laid down in the Book of Common Prayer. As yet the only proceedings that have been taken, so far as we can learn, are that a summons has been taken out against Mr. Henniker by a young man named Joseph Richardson, for an assault alleged to have been committed in the church-yard on Sunday week. The case is to be heard at Leek next Wednesday. The villagers call to mind various acts on the part of Mr. Henniker which it would be speaking of lightly to call eccentric. Some months ago he refused to proceed with a funeral until a person whom he chose to consider a Dissenter, and who was one of the funeral party, left the church. When any of his Calton parishioners wish to have a christening performed he refers them to Waterfall, and vice versa. A short time ago he served the parish clerk with a notice, of which the following is a copy:—"Cauldon churchyard not to be broke without an order from Rd. H." On the clerk saying that he should not pay any attention to this order, as he had a letter from the bishop giving him permission to break the ground when a grave was wanted, he abused the clerk in terms which, proceeding from a clergyman, greatly astonished the bystanders. It is said, though we cannot vouch for the fact, that Mr. Henniker has declared that he will not officiate at the burial of his parishioners any more. It is understood that the rural dean will visit Calton, and hold an investigation into Mr. Henniker's conduct on the 23rd inst.—*Staffordshire Sentinel*.

BOY ATTACKED BY RATS.—On Saturday noon last, an attack was made by three rats on a boy named Gervail, residing near Redruth, Cornwall. It appears that the lad, who is about fifteen years of age, was in a dilapidated old barn, eating some bread and beef, when a large rat ran up his back and attempted to seize the food which he was putting in his mouth. He seized it by the throat, but before he had strangled it two others came to the rescue and commenced a determined attack upon him. They bit his face in two places, and attempted to bite through the clothing which protected his shoulder. If a man had not happened to visit the building while the contest was going on, the injuries to the youth, who acted with great self-possession, would undoubtedly have been very serious. It was with great difficulty that the rats were made to retreat.

NARROW ESCAPE.—Shortly before six o'clock on Saturday evening, at the Twyford crossing of the Great Eastern Railway, near Bishop Stortford, two horses drawing a waggon belonging to Mr. Day, a farmer, of Little Halingbury, previous to reaching Twyford by some means knocked down and ran over their driver. They went on towards the railway-gate crossing, which at that moment had been opened to allow a horse and gig to pass. The gateman was in the act of closing the gate on the Stortford side of the line at the time, and, in consequence of the night being dark, and the use of a sharp curve, he did not observe the waggon coming up. The horses meeting this impediment turned sharply round, and proceeded on the up-line towards Stortford. The gateman, whose name is Griggs, with much presence of mind, at once closed the other gate, and despatched a messenger to Stortford to stop all up-trains; but, to his horror, the London down express train came in sight, without affording a possibility of stopping it. Fortunately, however, the horses kept on the up-line, and the express train providentially shot by without either touching them or the waggon. The gate-keeper rapidly followed in pursuit of the horses, which he overtook and turned off about a quarter of a mile from his crossing, thus preventing the possibility of further accident.

GALLANT RESCUE OF A COASTING STEAMER.—The steamer Shamrock, Captain Stewart, while on her passage from Sligo to Liverpool, with a full cargo of cattle, both on deck and in the hold (all of which have been safely landed), observed, about eight o'clock on Sunday morning last, when about five miles off the Mull of Galloway, the screw steamer Arbuthnot, bound from Ardrossan to Morecambe Bay, with a cargo of 350 tons pig iron; the steamer had a signal of distress flying, wind at the time south-west, a whole gale, with a heavy sea running. Captain Stewart immediately bore down upon the vessel in distress and ascertained that she was in a most helpless condition, her shaft having broken, and the pig iron with which she was laden having got loose from between decks, and found its way into the hold with great violence, causing the vessel to make much water. After repeated attempts, Captain Stewart fortunately succeeded in sending a hawser on board, and towed her into Ramsey Harbour, Isle of Man, in safety, thus succeeding in rescuing the steamer after she had been passed by five different steam vessels, which were unable to render any assistance owing to the violence of the gale. Great praise is due to Captain Stewart for the persevering way in which he assisted this vessel, the hawser which he placed on board having broken no less than four different times.

A SCENE IN A WARSAW HOTEL.

A WARSAW correspondent of the *Times* says:—

"You will have heard of the summary manner in which the Hotel de l'Europe was seized last Monday. Bertholdi, a Russian spy, who had taken up his quarters there, was stabbed in his own room at seven in the morning, as he was drinking his coffee. Immediately afterwards the house was given up to the soldiers, the lodgers ejected and kept until the evening in the court-yard, and the whole building, furniture and all confiscated, or at least, for the present, sequestered. The Russians, with the view of raising Bertholdi's character, had paid him a domiciliary visit the day before, but no one was deceived by it. I believe the man had been followed here from Cracow, as he had previously been followed to Cracow from Warsaw. The 'national gendarme' who stabbed him got safely away. The only person who seems to have thought of stopping the assassin was a Russian officer living in the next room to Bertholdi. Hearing a shriek, he rushed into the corridor with a revolver in his hand, but omitted to fire it. Something, it is said, was wrong with the trigger; at all events, the pistol did not go off. Besides the immense hotel, the Russians have seized Conti's ice-shop and cafe, just round the corner, and next to Conti's the best establishment for bronzes, French clocks, and ornaments of various kinds that Warsaw possessed. These so-called 'houses' which are being confiscated in Warsaw are what we should call blocks of houses or terraces; and it must require a great stretch of despotic fancy to imagine that M. Bruner, a vendor of what affected people in England call 'art manufactures,' had anything to do with a murder committed in an hotel with which he had no communication and no connexion whatever, except in an architectural sense. The night after the seizure of the Hotel de l'Europe the perplexity of the officials at the railway station, when they asked the travellers where they meant to 'descend,' and were told by some that they intended to 'descend' at the inn in question, was rather amusing. 'There is no Hotel de l'Europe,' was the first reply. 'I beg your pardon,' answered one traveller; 'I was at the Hotel de l'Europe two years ago, and wish to go there again.' There is no Hotel de l'Europe, repeated the official; 'it is now a barrack.' 'That is impossible,' was the rejoinder. 'I know some one who was there only three days since.' 'A crime has been committed there,' was the ultimate explanation, 'and the place is now in the hands of the military.' The traveller disappeared in the vain hope of finding an hotel in Warsaw from which there was no chance of his being suddenly ejected, and being compelled to wait for a dozen hours in the court-yard."

ASSAULT ON THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

At the Borough Police-court, Bath, on Saturday, before the Mayor, Colonel Oliver, Major Baker, Captain Ford, Dr. Falconer, and Messrs. T. Fuller, C. J. Vigne, W. Hunt, and T. Gill, George Norton and William Norton, commercial travellers, of Reading, were summoned for assaulting the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, on the 8th inst. The court was densely crowded, and his grace was accommodated with a seat on the bench. Mr. Robertson appeared in support of the complainant, and Mr. Byrne for the defendants. The Messrs. Norton were also summoned by the Great Western Railway Company for wilfully interfering with the comfort of passengers. Mr. Slack supported this charge. The charge preferred by the railway company was first called on for hearing.

Mr. Slack said the present charge was made under a bye-law of the company for the protection of passengers, under which the defendants were liable to a penalty of 40s. He stated the offence alleged against the Messrs. Norton occurred on the 8th of October, when the Duke of Buckingham, the duchess, and their family arrived at Bath by the eight o'clock train in the evening. After they had alighted the duke re-entered the carriage, for the purpose of removing small articles of luggage. The defendants came up at this time, and attempted to enter the compartment at the entrance to which the duke stood. They pressed forward in the most offensive manner, and then occurred the conduct which formed the subject of the present complaint. Since the summonses had been issued his friend, Mr. Byrne, on behalf of the defendants, had made use of expressions of sincere regret for their conduct on the occasion, and had offered to tender in open court a most complete and ample apology. The railway company having only at heart the interests of the public, thought they had sufficiently performed their duty by taking the steps they had done, and he therefore applied for permission to withdraw the summonses. The defendants, besides a declaration of contrition, had undertaken to present a donation of 5*l*. to the Bath United Hospital, and to pay all the expenses which had been incurred. He trusted that would satisfy the magistrates and meet the justice of the case.

Mr. Robertson said that he appeared for the Duke of Buckingham, and had to say that his grace had not been actuated in this matter by any vindictive feeling. He had instituted the present proceeding because he considered that he owed it as a duty to the public, and particularly to passengers by the railway. The duke might have given the defendants in charge at the moment for the assault they had committed upon him; he might have indicted them at the sessions, or he might have brought an action for damages. He had, however, preferred to take the more simple course. The duke was formerly chairman of the greatest railway company in the kingdom, and was of opinion that it behoved him not to pass such conduct as that which the defendants had exhibited without serious notice. He (Mr. Robertson) on the part of the duke had to ask that the summonses taken out might be withdrawn on the defendants apologizing and doing what Mr. Slack had intimated their readiness to do.

Mr. Byrne, for the defendants, observed that he had now to express on behalf of the defendants their sincere and deep regret for having acted in the way mentioned by Mr. Slack. The offence arose from the eagerness, amounting to impatience, of the defendants to push themselves into the carriage. The train was a very fast train to London, and only a few minutes were allowed for its stay at the station. He thanked the duke for his condescension in accepting the apology of the defendants, and thus terminating the case, which was to them of a most painful character. He hoped the bench would comply with the request that had been made to them.

The Mayor remarked that the bench was exceedingly pleased that the cases were to end in the manner proposed. They felt assured that the Duke of Buckingham had only acted in defence of the public interest, and the defendants ought to be greatly obliged to him for the leniency he had exercised towards them. He hoped the apology which had been made was sincere and truthful. The magistrates, under the circumstances, would willingly allow the summonses to be withdrawn.

NO HOME COMPLETE without a WILLCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family machine. Prospectus free on application at No. 1, Ludgate-hill. [Advertisement.]

HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.—The best way of living on this good old maxim is to take care that all the Bread, Puddings, and Pastry consumed by you are made with BOWWICK'S BAKING POWDER, as directed by the Queen's private baker; by so doing you will avoid suffering from indigestion, and greatly economize your household expenditure. [Advertisement.]

THE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND.

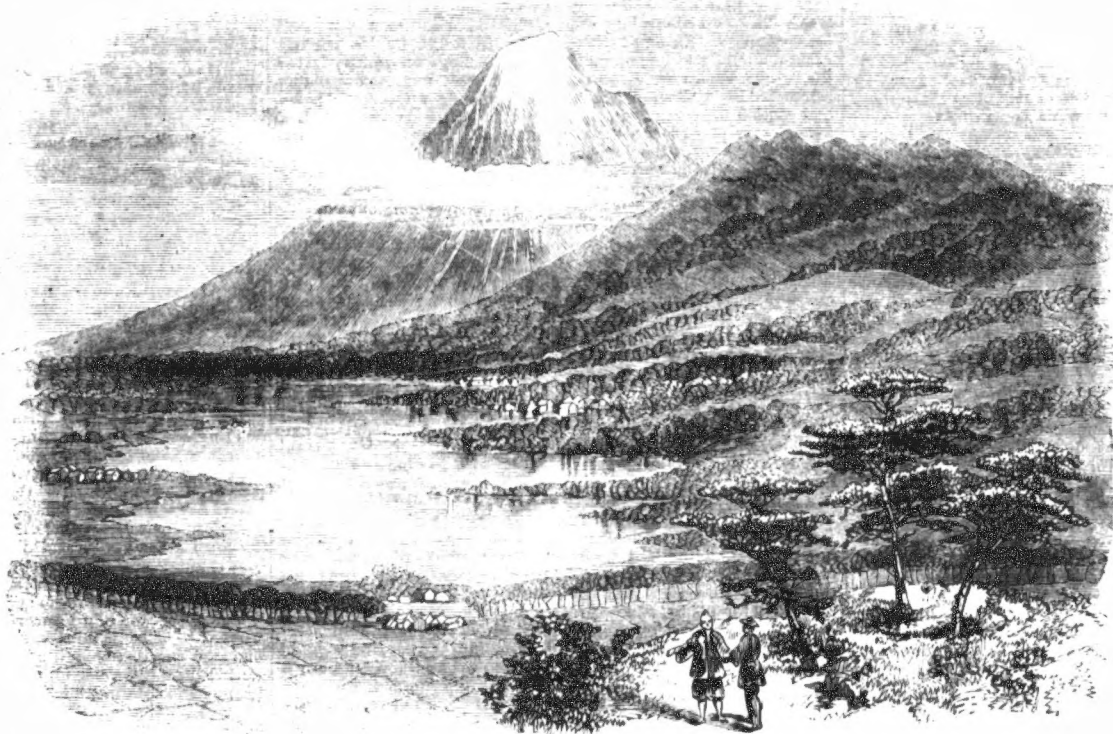
A LETTER from Melbourne, of August 25, says:—

"Serious indeed is the news which the Madras mail carries to England touching the affairs of New Zealand. I grieve to say that at Auckland our fellow-countrymen seem to be fighting almost *pro aris et focis*. The Waikatos, and allied tribes of congenial cannibals, are in arms to the number of some 7,500 in the neighbourhood of that town, and a general rising of tribes is apprehended. For forty miles to the southward of Auckland, the country is a vast camp. I know it for a fact, though you may not find it in any of the newspapers from this part of the world, that Sir George Grey has applied in the most urgent terms to our Governor, Sir Henry Barkly, for aid, expressing his own confident hope (in which he is joined by one of the bravest of soldiers, General Cameron), 'that the Australian colonies may send to New Zealand, with as little delay as possible, every man of the regular forces that can be possibly spared.' Sir George informs us that before making this application he had called out for active service in the disturbed provinces every male between the age of sixteen and forty years, and that many others between forty and fifty-five years of age are on duty in the towns. With a view to raising a more permanent force, Colonel Pitt has been deputed from Auckland, and is now in Melbourne, for the purpose of raising 1,000 men here. The New Zealand Government offer good pay and tempting donatives in land, at the end of three years' service. Young men in Victoria, many of them first rate rifle-shots, are offering in large numbers; and recruiting for the same service is also going on with great spirit in Sydney. Sir George Grey has expressed an opinion to our governor, that until strong reinforcements arrive all the settlements in the northern island will be in considerable danger, and that their best hope of preventing a general rise of the natives, and of continuing to retain the fidelity of those who are still friendly to us, is by our being enabled, by rapid movements, to inflict a speedy and severe punishment on those tribes who have attempted to drive the Europeans out of the country."

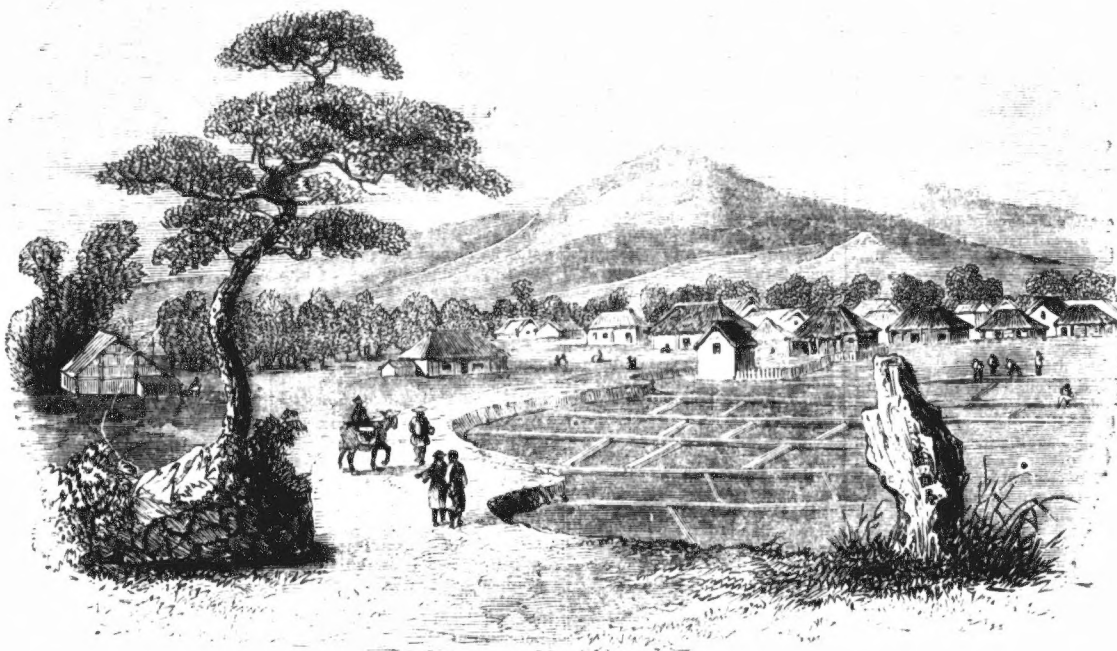
"Some of the murders by natives betoken a description of warfare which in the end may rival the atrocities committed by Indian mutineers. For instance, on July 24th they attacked Captain Calvert's house on the high ground near the Maori position, on Pukekiweriki, and in the Wairoa district. They fired into the house. Captain and Mrs. Calvert fled into the bedroom; and Sylvester Calvert, aged eighteen years, son of Captain Calvert, was shot while endeavouring to get into a place of hiding. Captain Calvert defended himself bravely with his rifle as long as he could, firing seven shots, when, finding he had no more, he took his sword, and, enraged by the death of his son, rushed out sword in hand and attacked the whole body. The Maories, after firing a volley, made off. The same day a party of Maories shot at Mr. George Cooper, settler, Wairoa, and killed him. They then lighted his clothes and roasted the body."

"On the 17th of July the first encounter between the natives of Waikato and her Majesty's forces took place, and curiously enough, two attacks were made on the same day, one by each party. On the Sunday before General Cameron had pushed his advanced guard across the Maungatowhiri Creek, which runs into the Waikato River, and may be said to be the boundary line between the native and European country. The advance was not made a day too soon, as it has been since ascertained that in a few hours, had he delayed so long, the natives would have taken up a such position as would have rendered an advance a work of great difficulty, as the landing on the native

SKETCHES IN JAPAN.



FUSIYAMA. NEAR JEDDO. (See page 293.)



VILLAGE IN THE ENVIRONS OF JEDDO. (See page 293.)



ROAD LEADING TO JEDDO. (See page 293.)

side of the Maungatowhiri Creek is a very difficult and slow undertaking. Having crossed the creek, the troops advanced a short distance, and threw up redoubts on a commanding position. Here the 14th Regiment were encamped in some force, and on the morning of the 17th they observed large bodies of natives advancing, as though to attack our position. Colonel Austen at once ordered his men to be in readiness, and was about to march out and attack the natives, when General Cameron arrived from the camp of Pokeno, and having ordered up more troops to the support of the 14th, advanced along the ranges to meet the natives. They, however, fell back to a position of some strength, where they had prepared lines of rifle pits for their protection; and it became necessary to storm the chosen position, which they had carefully selected and fortified some time before. Having detached a considerable body to cut off the retreat of the Maories, the general led the remainder—between 200 and 300 men—against the rifle pits. The advance was up a rather steep hill-side, and the concealed enemy saluted our force with a very heavy fire, which for a moment delayed the advance, but upon the general's taking the lead in person the soldiers carried the pits with a run, and drove the native warriors out of them and over the crest of the hill. The rout was now complete, and the two divisions of the military force acting in harmony succeeded in inflicting a loss which was very heavy for Maori warfare, upon the flying natives, who were pursued as far as another creek, flowing also into the Waikato, called the Maramara Creek, about six miles from Kohiroa, where the battle took place. The loss sustained by the troops was slight, there only being one man killed and eleven wounded upon the field of battle, although one of the wounded has since died. The general had in the field nearly 500 men, but owing to his being obliged to detach so large a number to cut off the retreat of the rebels, not much more than half of these were ever actually engaged. The Maori force numbered nearly 400 men, of whom it is ascertained that about one-fourth were killed and many wounded. Of the killed, seven or eight were chiefs of distinction, and among them an uncle of the Maori King. An attack was made on the same day by another body of natives upon an escort of our troops on their way down from the front of the camp at Drury. When about a quarter of a mile from any clearing a sudden fire was opened upon it from both sides by the natives, concealed in the thick forest, where it was impossible to see them. Their numbers must have been large, probably outnumbering that of the escort of fifty men as five to one. The first discharge of the ambushed enemy wounded several men and some of the waggon horses, so cutting off effectually for the time the van from the rear guard of the little party. The soldiers at once endeavoured to reply to the fire, but it was soon evident that while at best they could only hope to shoot their assailants by some fortunate chance, the Maories were marking them down at their ease. The van, at this time reduced to ten available men, now began to retreat, and the enemy seeing this, and thinking to cut them off entirely, attacked them in force, as many as sixty men joining in the charge. Seeing the danger, the gallant young officer who commanded gave the word to fix bayonets and charge; this was done, and the astonished natives broke and fled once more to the bush. Captain Ring finally succeeded in withdrawing his men and convoy to the nearest clearing, and there awaited assistance. This soon arrived from both sides, as the firing had been heard both in the direction of the Pokeno and the Drury camps. Our loss in this engagement was four killed and

ten wounded; while, in spite of their generally keeping well under cover, the loss of the natives is believed to have been considerably greater."

William Thompson, a New Zealand chief, has announced in terms the most precise and savage, his determination to take up arms against us, and to "slay and spare not," armed and unarmed alike. In consequence of a warning communication addressed by him to the Ven. Archdeacon Brown, at Tauranga, the missionaries and settlers of that district felt that their safety depended upon flight, and nearly all of them have come up to Auckland with the archdeacon.

JAPAN.

THE news from Japan received this week render our series of illustrations doubly interesting. Admiral Kuper, it appears, has commenced punishing the contumacy exhibited by the Japanese authorities, by levelling the town of Kajosima with the ground, and firing Prince Satsuma's three steamers. The Japanese woman and child represent the sex in the upper circle of society. The gentry are devoted to field sports—many keep up regular hunting establishments. Our engraving of a Japanese nobleman going out hunting is from a drawing by a native artist, and its value is in its truthfulness and quaintness of execution. The three views are likewise of great interest, as giving us a faithful picture of the appearance of the country surrounding the capital. The Fusiama mountain is a very remarkable object, or so think the Japanese. Towering, like Etna, to a perfect cone, with an elevation of about 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, it is visible at an immense distance. This celebrated mountain, so dear to the Japanese, has been created by them into a household god. Fusiama is painted at the bottom of the delicate China cup from which he sips his tea; it is represented on the lacquer bowl from which he eats his rice. He fans himself with Fusiama—he hands things to you on Fusiama. It is on the back of the looking-glass—it is embroidered on the skirts of his garments—and is on the background of every Japanese work of art or imagination.

THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

THE *Czas* says:—

"The existing insurrection is pregnant with horrible episodes, which recall the saddest epochs of Roman tyranny. In September last some marauding Cossacks entered a country house in the absence of the owner. Finding nothing suspicious, they began to drink. One of their number who had remained in the courtyard while his comrades caroused, picked a quarrel with a servant of the house. The two came to blows, and while defending himself the Pole unluckily killed the Cossack. A fellow servant who witnessed the affair assisted his comrade in promptly interring the corpse. When the Cossacks were ready to leave, they missed their comrade, and another servant, whether actuated by vengeance or by fear denounced his fellows as the authors of the deed. The Cossacks immediately seized the men, ill-used them terribly, and made preparations for carrying them away. Seeing this, the wife of the man who had slain the Cossack ran to the room of her absent master, took some poison intended for vermin, spread it upon bread, and carried it to her husband. Divining her intention, the man swallowed the poison without delay, the wife crying, 'I would rather see him die before my eyes than receive the news of his torment.' Cheated of their prey, the Cossacks left the place with imprecations. The poor woman attempted to poison herself, but was prevented by the bystanders."

A MAN named Noyce is now living at Freshwater, Isle of Wight, who fought under Nelson at Copenhagen. He is eighty-five years old.



JAPANESE WOMAN AND CHILD.



JAPANESE NOBLEMAN PROCEEDING TO THE CHASE.

CAN AMERICA SUSTAIN A WAR WITH FRANCE?

THE rumours of French intervention, now so rife, though calculated to awaken solicitude, will be regarded in this country with no feelings unbefitting a proud, intrepid, and patriotic people. If war comes, there will be no lowering of the national spirit. We are probably better prepared for a war with France than we should have been three years ago, before the rebellion broke out. Not only have we, within that time, become one of the greatest military Powers of the world, with more military experience than the existing generation of all other Powers put together, but our numerous and well-appointed shipyards have turned out an enormous new navy of wooden vessels and ironclads, with all the most recent improvements of modern science. We can repair waste and construct new vessels with more rapidity than any other nation. Our present enemy is without a navy; so that on the ocean, where war with France would be mainly fought, we could confront her with our whole force, and cope with her on equal terms. The war on land will be merely with our present foe, with, perhaps, some small French reinforcements; the war on the water will be with France alone, and our navy has become so strong that we have no reason to shrink from the contest. Against France, alone, we repeat; for in a war with us she will have no allies. If England is jealous of us, she is more jealous of France. It is the growing armaments of France that have compelled the British Government to make great and constant additions to the expenditures necessary for her security. Mr. Kinglake's book has lately deepened her humiliating consciousness that she played a part subordinate to France in the Crimean war, and she will refuse to be again led behind the triumphal car of her enterprising rival. But she has a more solid reason than this, founded on her pride, for standing aloof. In a war between France and the United States, French and American commerce will monopolise the carrying trade of the world, which will be to her a source of immense wealth. By the Paris declaration it has become the accepted law of nations that the flag of a neutral protects an enemy's goods. This has always been the American doctrine, having become established such in the Napoleonic wars in the early part of the century, when our commerce was nourished into strength by the advantages of our neutral position in a world of belligerents. These advantages, on a more colossal scale, would drop into the lap of England by a war between France and the United States. In proportion, therefore, as France dips into the American imbroglia, we may confidently expect to see England recede. France, in daring hostilities with us, must also take the risk of whatever complications may arise while she has so formidable a business in her hands. —*New York World*.

A STARTLING TELEGRAM.—A ship belonging to a gentleman named Heaven sailed from this port a few days ago for Canada with a cargo of coals. Shortly before she left, it was ascertained that the owner had not sent down sufficient lading for the vessel, and the agent startled his clerk by the order, "Telegraph to Heaven for more coals!" The youth to whom this command was addressed almost fainted on the spot.—*Greenock Advertiser*.

THE BLAKELY GUNS AT CHARLESTON.—We are given to understand that the heavy gun made on the Blakely pattern, which recently burst at Charleston, was constructed at Richmond. The 800-pounders sent from England were only being mounted when the latest advices left. The Prince Alfred gun, manufactured by the Mersey Steel and Iron Company, is now the property of Captain Blakely.

The Court.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the royal family, is expected to arrive at Windsor Castle on or about Tuesday, the 27th inst., on her return from Balmoral. The private apartments of the royal family are now being prepared, in readiness, as are also those of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their suite in the York and Round Towers.

On Sunday morning their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Prince and Princess Christian, the Prince Frederick, and the Princess Dagmar, attended by the Hon. Mrs. W. Grey, Lieut.-General Knollys, Captain Grey, and Dr. Holtzman, attended Divine service at the little church of Sandringham. The Rev. G. B. Moxon, rector, officiated, and preached before their royal highnesses. There were but few parties assembled to witness the royal party, and the utmost decorum was observed.

The Princes Louis and Frederick William have been out several times deerstalking; but, owing to the heavy rains which have fallen daily since Thursday morning, sport has been very limited. The weather in the afternoon of Monday having cleared up a little, the Queen, Princesses Helena and Louise, and the Princess of Hesse, &c., drove to the place where the accident occurred on Wednesday, returning by Belaeuroft and Abergeldie in the evening, the Prince Louis of Hesse and the Crown Prince of Prussia having gone deer-talking. In the evening, as the Crown Prince was driving home to Abergeldie Castle, the sound of the bagpipes met her ears, and having made inquiry who it was, she was informed that it was Peter Robinson, in the gillies' hall. Shortly after he was ordered into the servants' hall, where the Prince and Princess, with their suite, and servants of the house, enjoyed a lively dance. The princess, seemingly very much pleased with the affair, gave orders for another on Tuesday night on a more extensive scale, all the gillies and servants about the establishment having been invited. In return for the treat they had enjoyed, some of the servants of the Prussian prince sang a few songs in German, which, though quite unintelligible to the majority of the listeners, were none the less appreciated by them on that account.—*Dundee Advertiser.*

THE REV. MR. BEECHER'S RECEPTION AT LIVERPOOL

[From the *Liverpool Mercury.*]

THE scene witnessed in the Philharmonic Hall on Friday night was, according to one of the closing speakers, "a disgrace to Liverpool." Perhaps this assertion is too sweeping, because it is beyond all doubt that a considerable majority of the meeting was in favour of giving Mr. Beecher a fair and impartial hearing. As soon as the doors were opened, large crowds of apparently orderly persons flocked into the handsome edifice, and nearly all the seats were appropriated long before the business commenced. It was soon evident, however, that "all that glitters is not gold," and that some of the apparently respectable auditors were bent upon conducting themselves in an equivocal manner. Amongst the audience we recognised several gentlemen whose features are familiar at the Liverpool Southern Club-room; but it is only fair to state that these members of the audience, so far as we can detect, offered not the slightest opposition. For some moments before the time fixed for the commencement of the proceedings, catcalls, groans, cheers, hisses, &c. were freely indulged in, and it was evident that a strong force of the pro-Southern, or at least of the anti-Beecher, party had congregated in front of the galleries and the lower end of the body of the hall. Several clergymen and laymen were recognised as they took their seats upon the platform, and were greeted with mingled cheers and hisses. The entrance of a negro, who was conducted to a conspicuous seat on the platform, was the signal for a violent outburst of party feeling, cries of "Sambo," hootings, yells, and cheers being intermingled. The debut of the Rev. Mr. Beecher was, judging from the frequently manifested impatience of the audience, awaited with intense interest. Several occupants of seats in the upper gallery loudly insisted upon somebody bringing him out; and when the rev. gentleman did step on the platform the enthusiasm of his friends and the indignation of his opponents were almost indescribable. Cheer rolled after cheer with deafening effect, and in the brief pauses between each hurrah, hisses fell upon the ear with a sound like that of a falling torrent. The uproar was maintained so long that the chairman, Mr. Robertson, determined not to await the abatement of the storm, but to try to subdue it by a few judicious words. He was only partly successful until he appealed to the audience as Englishmen to stand up for fair play, and not to withhold justice from a stranger. Mr. Robertson was repeatedly requested to "shut up" by parties who, judging by their proceedings, would have made a similar request to anybody else who stood forward as a friend of the North. When Mr. Robertson said that he believed the present action of the Federal States would result in the emancipation of the slave he caused a terrible row. (No, no, Yes, yes, groans, cheers, and other expressions of approval and dissent, being freely indulged in.) During the rest of the chairman's remarks similar discord prevailed, cheers being given for the North, for the South, for the negro, for President Davis, for President Lincoln, for General Lee, for Mr. Beecher, and others. Mr. Beecher's introduction surprised though it did not disconcert that gentleman. He was evidently prepared for some opposition; but he could hardly have expected that his appearance at the front of the platform would rouse one portion of the audience to a high state of enthusiasm, and cause the other portion to approach almost a state of frenzy. For some time it was doubtful whether the celebrated Abolitionist would be allowed to speak; but at last there was a lull. Clergymen and ladies ceased to wave their umbrellas and handkerchiefs, the torrent of hisses became less perceptible, and the chairman made another appeal to the meeting for fair play to Mr. Beecher. His assurance that an opportunity would be offered, after Mr. Beecher had concluded his address, to persons who wished to ask the reverend gentleman questions, was not very favourably received, and a series of disturbances ensued. Cries of "Turn him out!" were heard in various parts of the hall, and efforts were made to eject some members of the unruly party. When the scuffling had partly subsided, the chairman expressed his determination to preserve order by calling in, if necessary, the aid of the police. This announcement produced something like order, and Mr. Beecher took up the advantage and commenced his address. To note the repeated interruptions made to the reverend gentleman would not only be tedious but unnecessary, as they are mainly recorded in our extended report of the proceedings. These interruptions were incessant—an Irish gentleman (who stood near the platform) and a member of the legal profession being two of the chief actors. The native of the sister isle was exceeding "inkshus" to know all about "President Linkin's" policy and other matters; but, having a voice very unlike Stentor is reputed to have possessed, his interrogatories did not cause much annoyance. The legal gentleman produced much disturbance. Several "lovers of liberty and free speech" at last ejected this obnoxious individual, and when he re-appeared at a later period of the evening, he was again thrust out of the room while a scene prevailed the equal of which has seldom been witnessed in Liverpool. "Three cheers for Jefferson Davis" was a proposal which once more met with a hearty response from a portion of the audience; and as the admirers of the Confederate President were loth to cease their expressions of approval, Mr. Beecher composedly sat down on the low parapet of the platform and waited a calm.

AN ENTIRELY NEW AND ORIGINAL TALE
of peculiar interest, entitled
THE CHIMES; or the BROKEN HEART.
By THE AUTHOR OF "LEONARD LEIGH," &c.,
And Illustrated in the First Style of the Art, by PALMER, commenced in
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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE.
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London: J. Dicks, 313, Strand, and all booksellers.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.				H. W. L. B.		
ANNIVERSARIES.				A. M.	P. M.	
D.	D.					
24	S	Sir J. Mackintosh born, 1765	...	12	0	2
25	S	21st Sunday after Trinity	...	0	27	0
26	M	Dr. Doddridge died, 1751	...	1	15	1
27	T	Sun rises 6h 46m. Sets 4h 42m	...	1	58	2
28	W	Alfred the Great died, 900	...	2	38	2
29	T	Morland, painter, died, 1804	...	3	15	3
30	F	Admiral Vernon died, 1757	...	3	52	4

MOON'S CHANGES.—26th, Full Moon, 5h. 56m., p.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.
Habakuk 2; Luke 11. Proverbs 1; 1 Ephesians 5.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS
Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Penny Illustrated Weekly News," 313, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.
* * All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.
TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 313, Strand.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from news-vendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A quarter's subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a pink wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

HENRY M.—*Paterfamilias* means the father of a family, and *materfamilias* the mother of a family.

C. J.—General Beauregard is commander-in-chief of the Confederate army at Charleston.

A DESERTED WIFE.—You should consult some competent lawyer, and be careful to state your case fully to him. If you do not know any respectable solicitor, we can recommend Mr. William Eaden, No. 10, Gray's-Inn-square. You may consult him either personally or by letter. A divorce, in the hands of any respectable solicitor, costs about £30. If it be a simple case; but if there be many witnesses, and the case is complicated, the cost will be proportionately higher.

L. S.—The captain of a man-of-war will frequently give a berth on board his ship to a lad whose appearance pleases him without any other recommendation. Of course much depends on the character and disposition of the officers whether a ship's company is comfortable. There are many tyrants as well as kind-hearted persons in the command of men-of-war.

A YOUNG REPUBLICAN.—No study is more interesting or specious than history, yet few events have been, or are, honestly recorded. Historians have in general been peace-hunters or courtiers, and have naturally thrown a veil over the misdeeds of the high and noble, whilst they have heaped contumely on the people. Macaulay was a decided courtier and idoliser of royalty, and proud of its emblems, as his famous letter, ostentatiously dated from Windsor Castle, showed. Hume flings, as he did, a diplomatic position, was influenced in his historical writings by hopes of preferment.

H. M. (Cadnant).—The letter duly reached us. We are unable to supply the desired information.

INNOCENCE.—It is a part of the bridegroom's duty to provide the wedding-ring. Ladies are married in white dresses; it is the etiquette to be thus attired at such an interesting ceremony. A gentleman may wear a black coat on such an occasion, but he should throw some variety in his attire, as a white waistcoat, light coloured trousers, or cravat.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS, for Saturday next, Oct. 31, 1863, will contain the commencement of a new narrative of the most exciting interest, founded on

THE LAST INDIAN WAR.
THE RENOWNED
HIGHLAND JESSIE,
(JESSIE BROWN),
and the whole of those distinguished characters who appeared in the memorable and barbarous

MASSACRE OF CAWNPORE
will figure in this story; and in order to give due effect to this EVENTFUL HISTORY, upwards of
THREE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS,
from Authentic Sketches taken upon the spot, have been procured at immense cost. As a work of reference it will be found invaluable, and our readers are earnestly requested to recommend it to their friends.

GRATIS! GRATIS!! GRATIS!!!

THREE NUMBERS GIVEN AWAY!

On Saturday, October 24th, will be published Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 of a New Sensational Tale of LONDON LIFE, of peculiar novel and thrilling interest, entitled,

ROOK THE ROBBER;

OR,
LONDON FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Written by the Author of the "Daughter of Midnight," &c. Illustrated by W. H. Thwaites.

NOTICE.—Every Purchaser of Number 1, Price One Penny, will receive GRATIS Numbers 2, 3, and 4, folded in an Illustrated Wrapper.

The work will be complete in about Fifty Numbers, and issued in Weekly Penny Numbers and Monthly Sixpenny Parts.
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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1863.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD

It is rumoured that Sir Robert Peel, who lately knocked down one elector at Tamworth, and advised the "bonneting" of another, because they voted contrary to his inclination, will be removed from the office of Chief Secretary of Ireland. Of course there could be no objection to Sir Robert Peel's taking as active or as violent a part as he liked in a contested election for the family

borough, if he were simply a private individual. He might denounce the obnoxious candidate as a "namesake" to his heart's content, and angrily demand the family seat for a political aspirant whose claims as a pure Palmerstonian were infinitely superior to all family ties. He might command his trusty henchmen to "bonnet" opposition electors, knock them down himself, or engage in pugilistic encounters with his political opponents to the utmost extent of his wind and muscle. But it is hardly fitting for a Privy Councillor, a member of the Government, to engage in these exciting pastimes. And it is peculiarly unfortunate that a member of the Government who persists in gratifying his love of political sport in this violent manner, should be at the same time the Chief Secretary for Ireland. Contested elections accompanied by scenes of violence and disorder are not uncommon in the sister island; but, henceforth, if Sir Robert Peel is allowed to retain the office he holds, the most violent disturbers of the public may point to the instructive example of the Chief Secretary, and claim a kind of official sanction for their disorderly proceedings. This would be not only a public scandal, but a very serious public injury. The truth is, if Sir Robert Peel cannot restrain his love of wild and irregular activity—if he must gratify the excited feelings of the moment at the expense of his most imperious public duties, he is entirely unfit for the responsibilities of office, and ought to be relieved of them without delay. Experience seems to show that he finds it difficult, if not impossible to exercise the necessary self-restraint. He has held office before; but then, as now, after a little time he broke out in the same violent way. He was never broken in to the work, and though, for a while, all goes quietly enough, the vices of his training or his nature are sure in the end to appear. He plunges wildly in the harness, kicks over the traces, becomes unmanageable, and has to be got rid of as soon as possible. We are sorry for it, for the name he bears, and the talent he undoubtedly possesses. The public interest is superior to all private considerations; and, after his recent exhibition, he cannot retain office with advantage to himself, the Government, or the public.

THREE years ago there went up from Worcestershire a great and bitter cry. Sir John Pakington, the chairman of quarter sessions in that county, gave it articulate voice; it reached, and was echoed from all the other rural regions of England. It was the cry of the landlords over their game. It penetrated next session the walls of the legislature, and, amid shouts and violence, a remedy was proposed and passed into law. Henceforth the police were to be the guardians of this particular subject of sport. In vain did the Home Secretary urge the unconstitutional nature of the powers conferred; in vain did Lord Palmerston explain that he abstained from remaining to oppose it in late divisions only for the imperial object of preserving his personal health. The police were invested with authority to stop and search on the highway men or women whom they might suspect of having game in their possession, and the novel principle was introduced of requiring a suspected culprit to prove his innocence, instead of requiring the accuser to establish the guilt. It would seem that even these extensive powers have proved insufficient. We now learn that poaching is more prevalent than ever in Worcestershire, and from other parts of the country we have almost daily accounts of affrays in which trespassers, keepers, and police fight with deadly weapons, and not unfrequently to a fatal issue. So now the *Times* informs us that the one essential change in the law which these circumstances call for is to declare game property. It avows its conviction that the system of preserving is already as popular among the tenantry as it is beloved by the landlords who breed, and the exhausted barristers, authors, and merchants who rent the right to shoot the pheasants and hares preserved. It holds, therefore, that all that is needed is to deter the poacher by converting him into a thief. When this is done all will be simple; there will be no more trespassing or snaring; there will be harmony between breeders, feeders, and killers, and the vested rights of each will be no more interfered with on the part of either starving poor or organized marauders. There are two objections to this conclusion. The one is, that if we did declare game property we should have to treat it like other property, with neither more nor less of favour; and consequently we should have to require its owner so to mark and identify and confine it as to deserve the aid of the law in its protection. But the nominal declaration that game is property would be attended by another consequence. It could not change the popular opinion of its character. Right or wrong, the fact is that the people of this country will not look upon game as property. They have been brought up in the creed that it is not property, and an Act of Parliament will not change their belief. No; however, is more dangerous than to set the law at variance with public opinion. Nothing more contributes to its evasion, nothing even is a stronger temptation to the bolder spirits to break it. Is it desirable that this sentiment of a breach in the ancient common law of the realm, made by a statute passed in an assembly of landowners, should be superadded to the bad blood which a series of penal laws has already created in Worcestershire and elsewhere?

GALLANTRY OF GENERAL CAMERON.—An officer engaged in the war in New Zealand, writing from the Waikato River, on the 27th of July, bestows the highest praise on the gallant conduct of General Cameron. It appears that the enemy, 400 strong, came in front of the English position. Our troops walked out in equal numbers. The regiment, a young one, hesitated for a moment to charge the rifle pits, and then it was that the general went on with his cap in one hand, a riding-whip in the other, within fifteen yards of the work. The enemy aimed at him, and shot Austin, who was coming up, through the arm. The troops then rushed on, and carried all before them. In an hour and a half they had scattered their antagonists, killing forty of them, and wounding as many more. General Cameron, in short, displayed his gallantry at the right moment, and set an example which was not lost upon those under his command. "The general," the writer adds, "is a wonderful man under fire. We must not let him get so far ahead again. It is a mercy he was not shot."

THE question is constantly asked, which is the best sewing machine? The answer we give is that which will do the greatest variety of work. Most will do nothing but plain sewing; but there are some which equally apply to plain and ornamental work. Those of Newton, Wilson, & Co., of 144, High Holborn, are the best of this description.—[Advertisement.]

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

The following is the text of the proclamation of President Lincoln, appointing the last Thursday in November as a day for national thanksgiving:

By the President of the United States.

A PROCLAMATION.

The year that is drawing toward its close has been filled with the blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies. To these bounties, which are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the source from which they come, others have been added, which are of so extraordinary a nature that they cannot fail to penetrate and soften even the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever-watchful providence of Almighty God.

In the midst of a civil war of unequalled magnitude and severity, which has sometimes seemed to invite and provoke the aggressions of foreign States, peace has been preserved with all nations, order has been maintained, the laws have been respected and obeyed, and harmony has prevailed everywhere, except in the theatre of military conflict; while that theatre has been greatly contracted by the advancing armies and navies of the Union.

The needful diversions of wealth and strength from the fields of peaceful industry to the national defence have not arrested the plough, the shuttle, or the ship. The axe has enlarged the borders of our settlements, and the mines, as well of iron and coal as of the precious metals, have yielded even more abundantly than heretofore. Population has steadily increased, notwithstanding the waste that has been made in the camp, the siege, and the battle-field; and the country, rejoicing in the consciousness of augmented strength and vigour, is permitted to expect continuance of years with large increase of freedom.

No human counsel hath devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the Most High God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath, nevertheless, remembered mercy.

It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently, and gratefully acknowledged as with one heart and voice by the whole American people; I do, therefore, invite my fellow-citizens in every part of the United States, and all those who are at sea, and those who are sojourning in foreign lands, to set apart and observe the last Thursday in November next as a day of thanksgiving and prayer to our beneficent Father, who dwelleth in the heavens. And I recommend to them that, while offering up the ascriptions justly due to him for such singular deliverances and blessings, they do also, with humble penitence for our national perverseness and disobedience, commend to His tender care all those who have become widows, orphans, mourners, or sufferers in the lamentable civil strife in which we are unavoidably engaged, and fervently implore the interposition of the Almighty to heal the wounds of the nation and to restore it, as soon as may be consistent with the Divine purposes, to the full enjoyment of peace, harmony, tranquillity, and union.

"In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the city of Washington, this third day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-eighth.

"By the President,

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State."

ABSCONDING WITH ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.—On Friday night last, says the *Glasgow Mail*, a man named James McRobbie, lately a police-constable in the county of Elgin, absconded from the county town, taking along with him the wife of a merchant in the neighbourhood. The frail fair took the precaution of appropriating a considerable amount of her husband's money and carrying it along with her. There is also, we believe, a charge of embezzlement against McRobbie. The fugitive couple took the train at Perth for Perth, directing their luggage to be forwarded to "James Grant, Glasgow, Sighthill Station; to be called for." Intimation of their flight was sent to the city, and on Wednesday Superintendent McParlane, of St. Rollox, and Sergeant Stewart apprehended the quondam constable at Sighthill Station, whither he had gone to receive the luggage. The lady was afterwards found in the Garriock Hotel. Both are at present in custody here.

ATTEMPT TO KIDNAP A BLACK SEAMAN.—In consequence of there being no treaty between this country and America under which runaway seamen can be captured and restored to their ships, American masters have often great difficulty, when any of their hands abscond, in making up their crews. The consequence is that there are crimps in the north-eastern seaports who make a living by kidnapping seamen for them. Last week one of this class induced a negro seaman to go with him from Sunderland to South Shields under pretence of seeing a ship in the Tyne docks, in which hands were wanted. They arrived in Shields just as a New York ship was coming out of the dock to proceed down the harbour to sea. The crimp took the negro to this vessel, and when he was got aboard he was told he must go upon the voyage, though he had no clothes other than those he wore. The coloured man most determinately refused to go with the ship, but he was told he must, and he would be made to do so. The vessel was towing out to sea all this time, and the negro had no means of communicating with the shore. He was taken across the bar and out to sea, but still he said that he would not go, and he was kicked and cuffed by the master and mate. When about a mile and a-half from land, with a strong sea running, the negro suddenly ran off, and though both officers and crew tried to stop him he sprang over the ship's side into the ocean, and swam towards the shore. The master of the ship got a boat out to give him chase, but he was fortunately picked up by a Tyne steamboat, much exhausted. He was brought on shore at Shields. The police, seeing him running along the streets with the wet dripping off him, took him to the South Shields Police-station, and he gave them information of the ill-treatment that he had received on board the American vessel. He could not, however, tell who the crimp was that had attempted to kidnap him.

ROMANTIC STORY.—Upwards of thirty years ago a marriage took place in this (Liverpool) neighbourhood, the man and wife being in humble circumstances. After living together till after the birth of a child, the husband went to Australia to seek his fortune. His wife never heard from him after he left her, and, supposing he was dead, on the lapse of seven years she married a widower with three children. To this number, in her second married life, she added five, making her whole family, including the child by her first husband, nine. Some time since the second husband died, and she was left to struggle with her large family. To her great surprise, at the beginning of the present year, her first husband made his appearance in Liverpool. During his thirty years' absence he had prospered in Australia, and was a large landed proprietor there. He had heard of his wife's second marriage, but as the fault was his he never thought of returning to England until he heard of the death of the second husband. To make amends for his former neglect of his wife—for notwithstanding her second marriage she was still his wife—he behaved in the most handsome manner to all her children, gave them costly outfits, and has taken them and the wife of his early affections out with him to the land of his adoption. The wife, who has thus after an absence of more than thirty years been restored to her position, is now about seventy years of age; and so recent is their departure from this port, that the vessel in which they sailed is not yet out of the Channel.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

CHARLES I DEMANDING THE IMPEACHMENT OF THE FIVE MEMBERS.

CONNECTED so intimately as this celebrated picture is with the illustrious nobleman who has so recently gone from amongst us, we have much pleasure in now presenting the copy from it on page 297. The painter, Mr. Copley, it will be remembered, was the father of the late Lord Lyndhurst, in whose possession the picture has been, and it was by his lordship's permission we are enabled to place the copy here. The subject being so well known needs but a brief notice. The king, by the advice of Lord Digby, had prepared a paper, containing articles of accusation for high treason, and other misdemeanours, against Lord Kimbolton, of the House of Peers, and five members, Pym, Hampden, D'Hollis, Haslerig, and Strode, distinguished for their steady and able opposition in the House of Commons. A sergeant-at-arms was sent to the Commons to demand the persons of the impeached members. This officer, after being heard at the bar, was dismissed without any reply; and an evasive message was sent to the king that the accused persons should be forthcoming as soon as any legal charge should be preferred against them.

On the afternoon of the next day (January 4, 1641-2) the king, attended by his usual guard, and some gentlemen who met him on the way, went in person to the House of Commons. Having strictly enjoined his attendants to abstain from all offence, he left them at the door, and entered the house, accompanied only by Prince Rupert. Proceeding directly to the Speaker's chair, he ascended the steps, and, addressing the house, told them he was sorry for the occasion which brought him to them, and his desire that more attention might for the future be paid to his commands.

This is the point in the event which has been chosen for the subject of the picture given on page 297. The king is supposed to have just finished speaking, and the Speaker, on his knees below the king, to be making his reply.

The gallant Prince Rupert and a group of distinguished Royalists stand on the king's right hand. Amongst these is seen Sir Edmund Verney, the king's standard-bearer, who lost the standard and his life in the doubtful conflict of Edgehill.

Sir William Waller, commander of the parliamentary forces, is leaning eagerly forward from behind the Speaker's chair.

Rushworth, the historian, and clerk of the house, is represented as intent upon minuting the particulars of the event.

The House of Commons, originally a chapel dedicated to St. Stephen, was one of the most beautiful gothic structures in the kingdom; and the characteristic ornaments, the sculpture, the painting, the gilding, form a picturesque and splendid ground to the scene.

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL BROKEN INTO.

A SERIES of daring robberies have lately been attempted in the neighbourhood of Peterborough. In several instances the scoundrels have been foiled in their efforts, but in one case they have unhappily met with greater success. On Sunday morning it was discovered that the cathedral had been broken into and a considerable amount in money carried away. In the nave of the cathedral immediately in front of the altar screen was a carved oak box strongly bound with iron, and bolted, for additional security, into one of the pillars.

An inscription stated that it was the offertory for the Peterborough Dispensary, and on Sunday it is calculated that there would be about £20 in gold, silver, and copper in this chest. When the vergers entered the building, between ten and eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, they found that the solid fastenings of the chest had been wrenched away, the lid opened, and the entire contents abstracted, with the exception of two three-penny pieces. Great violence had evidently been exerted, and the fastenings of the chest showed marks of their having been attempted in more than one place.

The thieves had obtained an entrance to the edifice by forcing open a window on the south side of the Lady Chapel, about eight or ten feet from the ground. A large tomb enabled them to climb up outside with comparative ease, and the window cords and a stone seat rendered their descent into the building almost equally easy. In effecting this, however, one of them seems to have fallen heavily, for a piece of the stone-work of the seat was found broken off. They left behind them a "jemmy," but nothing to lead to their identification. Two suspicious-looking persons were seen in the cathedral on Saturday, and it is believed that they were the perpetrators of the crime.

DRAWING LOTS FOR A MARRIAGE PORTION.—On the day after Christmas-day there will be a gathering of young women in the parish of St. George's-in-the-East, for the purpose of drawing lots for a marriage portion of £100. The candidates must be twenty-two years of age, have been educated in Raine's Charity-school, Old Gravel-lane, and have continued members of the Episcopal Church of England. This sum was left by the late Mr. Raine, to be devoted to this purpose many years ago, and it is said that all the girls who have been fortunate enough to obtain it have married well and obtained respectable positions in society.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER IN BATTLE.—It is stated that an enterprising Confederate artist took "views" of the ruins of Fort Sumter while the 11 and 15-inch shells were pouring in, and then quickly photographed the Ironsides and the Monitors which were at work.

THE DOOM OF ST. PAUL'S.—The Hon. H. Winter Davis, of Baltimore, addressed a Union mass meeting in Philadelphia lately. The *North America* gives a sketch of his speech, from which we quote as follows:—"The attitude we held in the eyes of Europe when the war broke out was shown by the speaker. He drew a picture of the attitude we shall hold when the rebellion is crushed out. When this is settled, there is a long account to settle with two great nations of Europe. (Wild and prolonged applause, the audience rising and waving their hats.) The speaker said he never said a word on that subject to anybody in this house before; but he knew what he thought, and he guessed what the audience thought. He depicted in graphic terms the perfidy of England and France. These acts will fester and rankle till the day of account. He used to be opposed to foreign war. He had learnt something in two years. The sin of the Alabama and the invasion of Mexico have awakened this country. Napoleon will be expelled from this continent, and the Bahamas are not to be allowed to remain a nest of pirates. And he gloried in the day when black regiments should march to the halls of the Montezumas, where the men of New York and Pennsylvania marched in days gone by. (Wild and deafening applause.) And if Admiral Dupont should live, he hoped yet to see his bombshells bursting over the dome of St. Paul's, and the ruins of London-bridge tumbling in the stream below."

THE QUEEN'S GILLIES AND THE ACCIDENT TO HER MAJESTY.—Three of her Majesty's gillies, who were out with ponies on Wednesday, and were surprised at the Queen's carriage not coming up to them on their way home, began to conjecture the cause of the delay, when one of the party rode back, accompanied by another, to find out the reason. Not meeting the carriage, they went on to the place, when the Queen, whose pony the gillie had, ordered the other two to be brought up, and her Majesty and the Princesses having been seated in the saddle, rode home to the Castle, refusing to enter a carriage which had been sent forward to bring them home. Next morning, on the arrival of the gillie who had acted so well, an order was given him that her Majesty wanted to see him. On obeying the order, his astonishment may be surmised when the Queen presented him with a splendid watch in token of her appreciation of his assiduity.—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

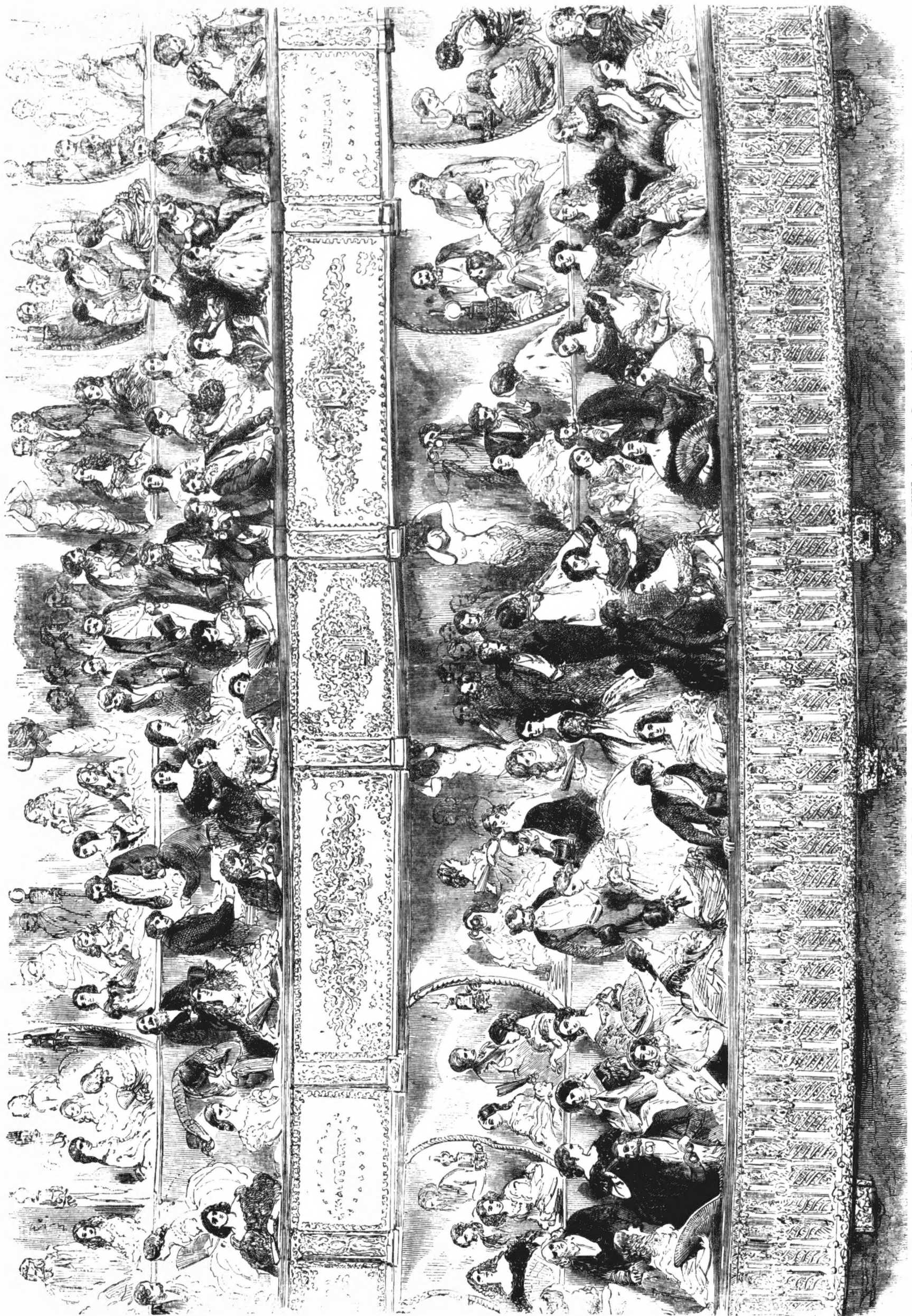
NARROW ESCAPE OF MAJOR COWELL.

ON Friday forenoon his Royal Highness Prince Alfred, attended by Major Cowell and his Royal Highness Prince William of Hesse, attended by Captain Zengler, rode out in the Queen's Park. Shortly after leaving the palace, and while riding in the direction of St. Leonard's, an accident occurred to Major Cowell, which might have been followed by serious results. Just after the four gentlemen had got their steeds into a pleasant canter, Major Cowell's horse stumbled and came down upon its knees. In an instant, and before his companions were aware of the mishap, the major was hurled right over its head, turning a complete summersault in the air, and falling upon his back in the middle of the road. Apparently severely stunned and hurt, he lay prostrate for a few moments where he fell; but when the first effects of the shock had passed away, he was able to rise without assistance, and it was found that he had received no injury beyond a rather disagreeable shake. Meanwhile, his horse bolted along the drive in the direction of Dumbiedykes, but had not proceeded far when it was brought to a stand by a man passing through the Park, and was soon secured by Prince Alfred's groom. Major Cowell then remounted, and the whole party rode off up the Drive. As may readily be imagined, Major Cowell's peril caused considerable alarm to the princes, who were quite taken aback by the sudden and dangerous occurrence, occupying, as it did, only a few minutes. How the major escaped without some serious injury seems quite inexplicable. The royal party returned to the palace by way of St. Leonard's, the Bridges, and the Regent's-road. Along the route Prince Alfred was frequently recognised, and politely acknowledged the salutations of the passers-by. In the evening their royal highnesses were present at the entertainment of the Christy's Minstrels. As stated yesterday, their royal highnesses will visit Glasgow on Tuesday, and on Thursday they will proceed to Kelso, and remain till Friday evening at Floors Castle, as guests of the Duke and Duchess of Roxburgh. Their royal highnesses will attend the grand ball appointed to take place at Floors Castle on the last evening of the races. They will also have some salmon fishing in the fine "casts" at Floors on Friday. We learn that Prince Frederick of Schleswig Holstein will also be a visitor at Floors next week.—*Edinburgh Courier*.

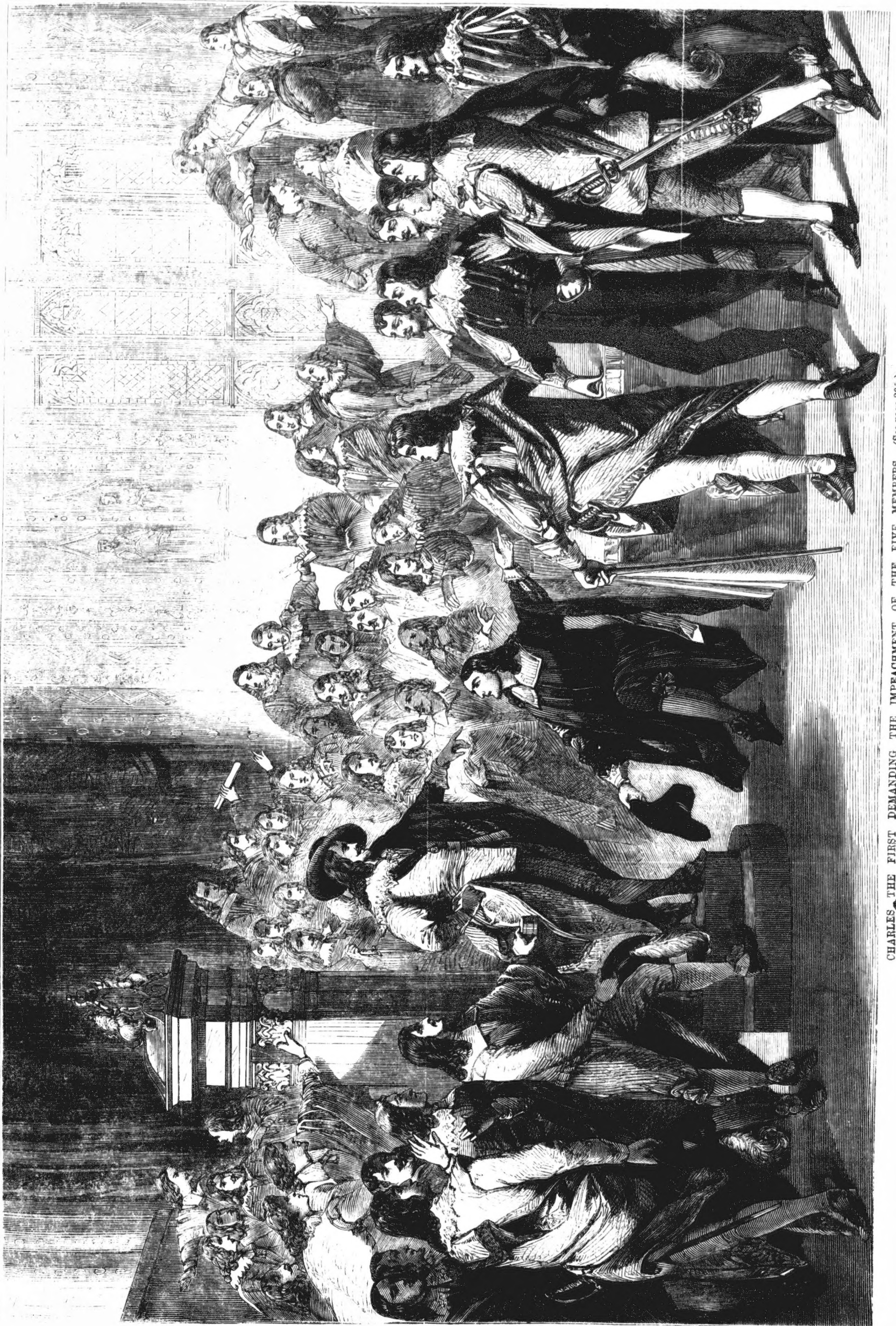
WHALING AND ITS DANGERS.

CAPTAIN WELLS, of the late screw steamer *Lady Seale*, of London, has furnished an Orkney paper with the following particulars of his voyage to Davis' Straits, and the subsequent total loss of the vessel in the ice in Melville Bay on the 6th of July last:—"On the 23rd February the *Lady Seale* sailed from Hull for the whale fishery, and after experiencing very stormy weather she arrived in South-East Bay (Davis' Straits), on the 10th of May, where she remained until the end of May, without capturing any fish. She then proceeded north for Melville Bay, and found the ice very close, so that great difficulty was experienced in getting along the east land, and it was not until the 22nd of June that she entered Melville Bay, having in company the following steamers, all belonging to Dundee: The *Camperdown*, *Polynia*, *Narwhal*, *Dundee*, *Tay*, *Wildfire*, and *Jumna*. The steam fleet pushed on as fast as the very close ice would permit, until the 2nd of July, when the land ice was observed to be broken up. This day the *Polynia* and *Narwhal* bore up, and steered south, the others remaining fast to the floe until the morning of the 4th of July when steam was got up, and they succeeded in getting round a loose floe to the westward, in hopes of getting north. The ice in this place was very thick, the single ice being from seven to ten feet, and in some places along the edge of the floe it was squeezed to sixty or seventy feet in thickness; and in the evening the ice beset the ships with a strong wind from S.W., but no danger was apprehended. At 5 a.m. on the 6th the ice began to move slowly, and about an hour afterwards a sudden and fearfully tremendous rush took place, crushing in the whole starboard broadside, as if the ship had been an egg-shell, when she began immediately to fill and settle down. The boats with the crew were got away with all possible speed—every one working with a will, life itself being wholly dependent on each man's activity. The ice at this time took full charge of all the ships now lying in close proximity to one another, and the *Jumna* also received a fatal squeeze. The *Dundee* suffered severely, and was only saved by her immense strength. Within ten minutes after the *Lady Seale* received the first pressure her after part settled under the ice, and in a moment she sunk stern foremost, her bowsprit end pointing towards the heavens, as if bidding farewell to the light of day before descending to her future ice-bound home. Three small casks of bread floated off the decks, as she disappeared, and were the only provisions saved, and the last parting gift received from the poor *Lady Seale*. The *Jumna* also sunk in a very few hours. The crews of both ships escaped on the ice, losing greater part of their clothing, and were divided amongst the remaining ships. Captain Wells, with his mate and fourteen of his crew, also six men from the *Jumna*, were taken on board the *Tay*, and the ice remaining very close, the ships were completely fixed until the 21st July, when the *Tay* and *Wildfire*, after several narrow escapes, got away, and on the 30th July arrived safely at Orkney, the most northern of the Danish settlements. The *Camperdown* and *Dundee* were last seen on the 21st July, close beset, and unable to proceed either north or south. On the 2nd August, two boats belonging to the *Jumna* bade adieu to the *Tay*, and proceeded to Noursoak, and from thence to Omenack, and on the 25th August embarked on board the Danish schooner *Neptunus*, bound for Copenhagen. After a long and tedious voyage—the crew having no other place to sleep on than amongst the oil casks in the forehold—they were landed at Westray, where they had to remain, owing to a heavy south-east gale, until the 12th inst., when they were safely conveyed to Kirkwall.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A DETECTIVE.—On Saturday week three women were taken into custody for stealing six shawls from the shop of Mr. Wyatt, draper, Mall-buildings, Olifton. On being searched at the station-house each of them was found to be wearing a silk quilted petticoat, which had been stolen on the previous day from the shop of Mr. Gregory, Wine-street, Bristol. When taken before the magistrates, the prisoners gave their names as Mary Ann Brown, aged about fifty, and Ellen Seymour and Emma Martin, each about twenty-two years old. As to their residence, Brown stated that she had been living at a coffee-house near the railway terminus for the last three years, but was unable to give the name of the place. Seymour declined to give her address; as also did Martin, who gave as a reason for her reticence on the subject that "she did not wish to bring disgrace on her friends." The evidence was clear against the prisoners, and they were committed for trial on both charges. By the system of circulating photographs of prisoners, introduced by Mr. J. A. Gardner, Governor of Bristol Gaol, and noticed by Lord Brougham in his inaugural address at the recent Congress of the Social Science Association at Edinburgh, the antecedents of the prisoners have been discovered. They are all convicted felons, at large on tickets of leave. Mary Ann Brown proves to have been formerly convicted as Elizabeth Stevens, and to have been discharged on a ticket of leave in October, 1862. Ellen Seymour turns out to be Mary Viter; and Emma Martin, who was so sensitive about her friends, is known to prison officials as Ann Smith, alias Isabella Beatty, alias Isabella Scully. It has been ascertained that Seymour and Martin were discharged on tickets of leave on the 19th of September last, just three weeks before they again fell into the hands of the police on the above charges of shoplifting.



OPENING OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, PARIS.—SCENE IN THE BOXES, &c. &c. (See page 298.)



CHARLES, THE FIRST DEMANDING THE IMPEACHMENT OF THE FIVE MEMBERS. (See page 295.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S.—This house re-opens to-night for a series of five grand performances of Italian opera by the following artists:—Titiens, Volpini and Trebelli, Sims Reeves, Bettini, Bossi, Volpini, Marchesi, and Santley. This evening, Gounod's "Faust" will be represented; Monday, "Norma;" and Tuesday, "Faust." The prices are reduced.

COVENT GARDEN.—"The Desert Flower" increases in popularity; and now that band and vocalists are more practised in its performance, it runs as smoothly, and withal as charmingly, as any of the late productions. The picturesque costumes and beautiful scenery alone should attract London for weeks to come.

DRURY LANE.—The revival of "Manfred" is one of the happiest ideas that ever entered the head of an Old Drury manager. The anxiety to witness it causes the officials every evening to display the announcement, "Full," soon after the doors are opened. It is unquestionably a success; and for the liberal manner in which it has been placed on the stage Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton are deserving of the golden harvest they are now reaping.

HAYMARKET.—This week closes the present engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Wigan; and Monday witnesses the return to the stage of the ever-gay and still youthful Charles Mathews, and his wife, who, we hear, has become, during his sojourn in the French capital, as popular on the Parisian stage as he has been for so many years on the London. We hail his return with pleasure, and, in the prospect of an evening's real enjoyment, are prepared to overlook the Parisian accent with which we suppose he must be inoculated. Mr. Charles Mathews' benefit took place on Saturday, and the entertainments consisted of all sorts of performances, from all quarters of the globe. From seven till half-past twelve flowed on this lengthy entertainment, to the intense delight of a crowded audience. The chief theatrical celebrities of Paris honoured our countrymen by appearing for him. He is to return after Christmas, to appear in a piece worthy of his talent.

PRINCES'S.—Herr Herman has met with great success. The entertainment is likely to continue for some considerable time. His feats are really marvellous. We intend next week giving a portrait of the "Frestidigitateur."

ADELPHI.—"Leah" has become an established fact; and the rush for places reminds one of the good old times of "Victorine," "Green Bashes," &c. Miss Bateman's performance of the Jewess is one of the most wonderful of the day. The engagement has been a fortunate one for Mr. Webster.

LYCEUM.—Opens on the 31st inst. with the new drama called "Bel Demosio, a Love Story," supported by Messrs. Fechter, Brougham, Emery, Jordan, and G. Neville; Misses K. Terry, Lavonne, Elsworth, and Mrs. Lee.

OLYMPIC.—The "Ticket-of-Leave Man" continues in possession here. We see by the advertisement that Robert Brerley leaves this house with his ticket for the Lyceum, the manager of which, we presume, thinks the addition of so valuable an actor to his company will be quite the ticket.

STRAND.—"Miriam's Crime," now being represented here, is another success for us to have the pleasure of chronicling. Miss Kate Saville has, by her impersonation of the heroine, added much to her high reputation as a painstaking and accomplished actress.

NEW ROYALTY.—"My Friend the Major," "Larks in a Cage," and the superbly got-up new extravaganza, called "Ixion; or, the Man at the Wheel," has been the bill of fare this week. The fortunes of this hitherto neglected house have indeed changed. Crowded and fashionable audiences are now the order of the night.

AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.—Mr. C. J. How has, during the past week, provided the public with a series of very pleasant promenade concerts here, which have been well attended. The vocalists were Miss Rose Hersee, a pupil of Mr. Kingsbury, Miss Leffler, Mr. D'Alquen, and Mr. Miranda; solo violinist, the ever welcome Viotti Collins; and the band of the "Commissionaires" made up the staff. Miss Hersee is a most promising young singer, with a sweet soprano voice, pretty face, and pleasing manner; she was well received and deservedly encored. Miss Leffler, the daughter of the old favourite, Adam Leffler, sang in her best style, and gave evidence of the good school in which she has been reared. The great vocal feature was the reappearance here of Mr. David Miranda, and his splendid tenor voice and artistic rendering of the various pieces allotted to him during the week have commanded unanimous encores upon every occasion. We may especially mention his "Scots wha hae," "The Death of Nelson," and "The Day of Biscay," which created an enthusiasm that reminded us of the old Braham and Sims Reeves nights at Exeter Hall. Of Mr. Viotti Collins we can only repeat that which may now as well be stereotyped for him whenever he appears, "that he was enthusiastically received, played in his own brilliant style, and was, of course, encored in everything, to the delight of his audience." Mr. Frederick Kingsbury was all that could be desired as an accompanist, watching and playing up to his vocalists, and attending to their success rather than exhibiting his own powers as a pianist, an example which others assuming the duty may take a lesson from. The band of the "Commissionaires" played a great number of pieces, under the direction of Mr. J. A. Schmuck, and exhibited a great amount of energy in their performances.

THE ITALIAN OPERA, PARIS.

The illustration on page 296 represents the opening of the Italian Opera House, Paris, under its new manager, M. Bagier. A Paris letter says:—

"Expectation had been raised to the highest pitch by the splendour of the announcements and promises, and as is usual when expectation has been poised so high, some disappointment ensued. Yet were the complaints few and far between, and loud was the applause even from the most undemonstrative of audiences, the distinguished society which frequents this theatre. The new director, M. Bagier, has set to his work with a will, and where there is a will there is a way of pleasing even the fastidious Parisians. It was not until long after Calzado had been chained up as a blackleg that M. Bagier succeeded him in the management. He has had but scant time to do his work, and fight well has he done it. Calzado had left the house as dingy and foul as Angus's stables, obstructed with complicated passages and various inconveniences. Hercules came in with his besom, and although new brooms are wont to sweep clean, he has accomplished wonders. The house has been repaired and beautified, unhappily for the director, not at the expense of the corporation. The changes behind the scenes have been almost as startling as those in front. Mme. La Grange has migrated from the French Opera and been converted into a prima donna. She went through the role of Violetti last night far more creditably than could have been expected from a lady who has so long been exposed to the meretricious trolloping of the French school. We were indebted to the Opera Comique for Violetti's lover, a tenor named Nicholas, whom I recognised in the Italianised Nicolini of the *offiche*. He is a good substitute for Naudin, and obtained much applause. The house was crammed to the ceiling. The Emperor was to have been present; but, as the *Moniteur* records, he was prevented by the death of M. Billault."

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES.—100 to 30 agst Lord Stamford's Limosina, (t and off); 8 to 1 agst Mr. W. Day's Catch-em Alive, (t); 10 to 1 agst Lord Coventry's Exchequer (t); 11 to 1 agst Mr. Naylor's Carnival, (t); 25 to 1 agst Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Summerside, (t and off); 25 to 1 agst Mr. T. Carter's, jun., Grande Dame, (off); 1,000 to 35 agst Mr. Thellusson's Jack of Hearts, (off); 1,000 to 30 agst Mr. T. Anson's Borealis, (t); 33 to 1 agst Lord Bateman's Despair (t); 33 to 1 agst Colonel Towneley's Hubert (t and off); 40 to 1 agst Mr. Lincoln's Roman Bee (off); 40 to 1 agst Duke of Beaufort's Birdhill (off); 100 to 1 agst Lord Strathmore's Bohemia (off); 2,000 to 15 agst Mr. G. W. Fitzwilliam's Myrtle, (t).

THE DERBY.—40 to 1 agst Mr. H. Hill's Ackworth (t).

THREATENED INVASION OF IRELAND.

The New York correspondent of the *Morning Herald* writes as follows:—

"We have been sadly startled in this city at the proceedings of the 'Fenian Brotherhood.' It seems that this society numbers now 1,200,000; they have 'Centres' all over the United States; they have 200,000 enlisted soldiers to deliver Ireland from the oppressor. As soon as the time comes steamers will be hired to transport them to Dublin or to Kinsale harbour. Then the Fenian Brotherhood will go to work. Very likely they will use the Russian fleet to cross the Atlantic. There is no telling what will be done. Some of the Fenians with whom I have conversed speak confidently of marching upon London after the British fleet are driven out of Ireland. Before they start I will endeavour to make arrangements that they spare Shos-lane, and protect your newspaper establishment. It may cost something, but that I shall not mind if English exchange keeps up. The army of Ireland's deliverers will be commanded by General Thomas Frank Meagher in person. It seems now that he and 500,000 other Irishmen who joined our army to fight the South (300,000 have been killed) only did so in order to practise and keep their hands in, so as to fight with success against England when the hour arrived. It seems that Secretary Seward, who is a great friend of Archbishop Hughes's, is kept posted in the matter. The expedition of 200,000 would have gone to Ireland long ago, but Mr. Lincoln requested it not to go until Mr. Laird's two rams had got to sea. General Corcoran, it is said, will go out in command of one of the Fenian divisions. It is stated that the true reason why Earl Russell sent of the deep Virginian, James Mason, from London, was because he was afraid that dining him on the sly would offend the Fenians, and make them more blood-thirsty when they reached Ireland. It is as well that you should know what is in store for you. The Irish papers make constant allusions to the Fenians and the contemplated invasion."

PEPPER'S ghost has put in an appearance in Melbourne, some enterprising individual having already taken out a patent for the colonies. He, she, or it, as the case may be, has duly been produced, both at the Haymarket and Princess's Theatres, with great effect. At the former house there are thirteen ghosts nightly produced. The ghosts of the Seven Kings, Banquo's, the Weird Sisters', &c., all make their appearance. The spectre of the "blood-boltered Banquo" was horrible in its resemblance, and produced among the beholders anything but a pleasant feeling.

PART OF A LAD'S HAND CHOPPED OFF IN A SAUSAGE MACHINE.—On Saturday afternoon, a lad named John Barnes, in the employ of a butcher in Walworth, was admitted into St Thomas's Hospital, with part of his hand literally chopped off by a sausage machine. He was attending to the machine, when, his attention being called away by something, his hand got entangled in the machinery, and before it could be stopped part of his hand was chopped off. His employer, who is a respectable tradesman, of course caused the whole of the chopped meat to be thrown away. The lad had his hand dressed, and is going on favourably.

AFRICAN "CUSTOMS."—The *Anglo-African*, a newspaper that has been started in our colony of Lagos, gives an account of disgusting human sacrifices in the fetish town of Iworo, only fifteen miles from Lagos, and the success of the lieutenant-governor in arresting, on one occasion, the horrid practice. The body of a man was observed hanging by its heels in the market-place of Iworo by some of the officers of her Majesty's ship Investigator as she was returning to Lagos, with his excellency the lieutenant-governor on board. The ship was ordered to stop, and the governor sent his staff to the head man desiring an interview, which was immediately granted. The king was asked for, and his excellency was informed that he had died eight months ago. He then advised them to appoint a successor, whom he would make their king. They refused to do so, and pleaded that they had "not yet made custom for him." The governor replied that if they did they would not need a king, for he would not leave a single bamboo of the town unburnt, and asked the meaning of the scene which appeared before his eyes. They expressed great surprise, believing that the governor had forfeited all right to their respect by making reference to their sacred matters. The governor declared that he would forthwith have the body cut down and buried. Of course they objected most strenuously, and on finding him determined to put his purpose into execution they "implored, and besought, and exerted every effort to move him, but he was inexorable." His excellency then called a few Kroomboys, who in a short time took down and buried the body, which was that of a muscular man. The paper states that "they always select the finest men for such purposes, who themselves often deem it quite a privilege to have so holy and honourable a termination to life." When the governor told them with what severity he would punish them should there ever be a recurrence of such sacrifices, some clapped their hands, particularly the women, and manifested much joy, for it is well understood that this as well as others of their abominable customs is not their voluntary act, but forced upon them by their priests or fetish-men.

There were three elections on Saturday. Reading, Richmond, and Plymouth, each returned a member to parliament. At Reading, Mr. George Shaw Lefevre was elected in the room of Mr. Baron Pigott. He declares himself a sound Liberal. At Richmond the Attorney-General was re-elected without opposition; and at Plymouth the new Solicitor-General, Mr. Collier, was also unopposed.

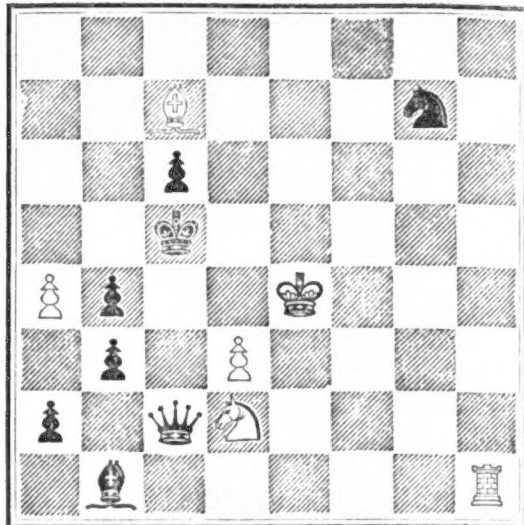
MISSION TO IRELAND.—Lieutenant Capals, of Richmond, has been commissioned and sent as commissioner to Ireland, to represent the Confederate cause in that country, and counteract the influence brought to bear by the Lincoln Government to induce them to enlist in the Yankee crusade.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr H. James, the retired physician, continues to mail, free of charge to all who desire it, the copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by the physicians and despaired of by her father. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp. Address, O. P. Brown, Secretary, No. 4, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—[Advertisement.]

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Chess.

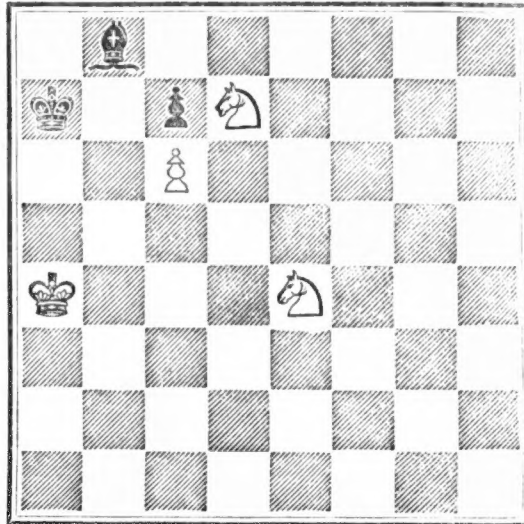
PROBLEM No. 139.—By R. B. W.
Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 140.—By R. B. W.
(For the Juveniles.)
Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

Game between Messrs. Kempe and Flower.
[LOPEZ GAMBIT.]

- | White. | Black. |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| Mr. Kempe. | Mr. Flower. |
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. B to Q B 4 | 2. B to Q B 4 |
| 3. Q to K 2 | 3. P to Q 3 |
| 4. P to K B 4 | 4. P takes P |
| 5. Kt to K B 3 | 5. P to Kt 4 |
| 6. P to Q 4 | 6. B to Kt 3 |
| 7. Castles | 7. P to K R 3 |
| 8. P to K 5 | 8. Q to K 2 |
| 9. K to R square | 9. P to K Kt 5 |
| 10. Q B takes P | 10. P takes Kt |
| 11. Q takes P | 11. B takes P |
| 12. P takes P | 12. P takes P |
| 13. Kt to Q R 3 (a) | 13. Kt to Q B 3 |
| 14. B takes Q P | 14. Q takes B |
| 15. Q takes K B P (ch) | 15. K to Q square |
| 16. Kt to Q Kt 5 | 16. Q to K 2 |
| 17. Q to Q 5 (ch) | 17. B to Q 2 |
| 18. R to K B 7 | 18. Kt to K B 3 (b) |
| 19. Q to K B 3 | 19. Q to K 5 |
| 20. Q to K Kt 3 | 20. B to K 4 |
| 21. Q to K Kt 7 | 21. R to K square (c) |
| 22. R to Q square | 22. B to Q 3 (d) |
| 23. Q takes Kt (ch) | 23. B to K 2 |
| 24. R takes B (ch) | 24. K takes R (e) |
| 25. Q to Q 6 (ch) | 25. K to B square |
| 26. Q mates | |

- (a) Preparing another sacrifice for an attack.
(b) The best move, doubtless.
(c) Q to K R 2 would go far to nullify the attack.
(d) Black evidently imagined that by the sacrifice of a piece he could get out of his difficulties.
(e) K to B square would somewhat prolong the contest, but the result is the same, e.g.:—

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------|
| 24. | 24. K to B square |
| 25. R to Q B 7 (ch) | 25. K to Kt square (e) |
| 26. K R takes B | 26. Kt takes K (b) |
| 27. R takes Q Kt P (ch) | 27. K takes R |
| 28. Kt to Q 6 (ch), and wins. | |
| 25. | (a) 25. K to Q square |
| 26. Q to Q 6 (ch) | 26. B takes Q |
| 27. R mates | |
| 26. | (b) 26. R takes R |
| 27. R to B 8 (ch) | 27. K takes R |
| 28. Kt to Q 6 (ch), and wins. | |

A CAPITAL WRITING-CASE for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencils, and Pens, Blotting-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for utility, durability, and cheapness. 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GORRO, 25, Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—[Advertisement.]

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
BOW STREET.

AN UNPROFITABLE CUSTOMER.—William Barker was charged with stealing a quart pot from Mr. Bishop's, the Queen and Prince Albert, High St. Thomas William Ashton, manager of the Queen and Prince Albert, stated that a few days back the prisoner came in and asked for a pot of porter, which was served to him, and he paid for it. He then said, "I want to take this outside the man." Supposing he had some one waiting for him outside witness allowed him to take the pot, and he never brought it back again. On Saturday night he came again, had a pot of porter, and took it away in the same manner. Witness at once recognised him, but allowed him to take the pot, at the same time requesting a customer to watch him. The customer did so, and presently brought the prisoner back with the pot. The pot was worth 3s. These robberies were carried on to an extent to form a very serious loss to publicans. Francis Bridgeman, a compositor, was the customer referred to by the last witness, who requested him to watch the prisoner. The prisoner crossed the road to King-street, Southampton-row, and stood at the corner drinking out of the pot. No person was with him. He then crossed the road again as if to return, but instead of doing so he put the pot under his coat and went down Little Queen-street, followed by witness, who overtook him at the corner of Parker-street. Witness stopped the prisoner, saying, "My friend, you have brought that pot from Holborn." The prisoner replied, "Yes, you can take it back again." Witness said, "I will do nothing of the sort. You brought it here, you must take it back again." The prisoner went back with great reluctance, stopping at every few steps to repeat the proposal that witness should take the pot back. On their return to the house Mr Ashton gave him in charge. There had been no other man near the prisoner. The prisoner: I was looking for him to give him some of the beer. (A laugh.) Mr. Corrie: How far had he got from the Queen and Prince Albert? Witness: About 200 yards. Policeman F 47 stated that he was sent for to take the prisoner into custody. The prisoner gave a false address. The prisoner: I was so drunk I did not know what I was saying. Mr. Corrie: Was the prisoner drunk? The constable: I could not say he was sober. Inspector Driscoll: He was really quite sober. He was only shamming drunkenness. The witness Ashton and Bridgeman said that he appeared quite sober at first, but when the policeman was called in he pretended to be tipsy. Mr. Corrie: How do you know the address was false? The policeman: I went to the house he mentioned in Charles-street, and saw the landlady, who told me he did not know any such person. The prisoner: Charles-street? Why, that is right. I do live there. I thought I had told you Brownlow-street. Mr. Corrie: I shall commit you for trial for stealing both pots. I have no doubt you had the first one as well. The prisoner: Won't you settle it here? Mr. Corrie: No. I think it is a case I ought not to deal with. I shall order that witness (Bridgeman) to be allowed his expenses. Committed for trial.

CLERKENWELL.

SINGULAR CASE OF ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Martha Pilgrim, between 17 and 18 years of age, who resided both her address and occupation, was charged with attempting to commit suicide by taking a quantity of lead lotion, at the Gray's Inn-road. A police-constable stated that on the previous evening he saw the defendant lying on the pavement groaning, and appearing as if she was in a dying state. She had two bottles by her side nearly full. He took her to the hospital, and the surgeon stated that she was very ill, and had taken a quantity of sugar of lead. He administered to her an emetic, and ultimately brought her round. The surgeon informed him that shortly before she had been to the hospital, and that he had given her two bottles of medicine—the one containing lotion for outward application, and the other medicine. She had taken the lotion instead of the medicine. (A laugh in which the defendant joined.) She had since told him that she well knew what she was about, and that she had intended to kill herself. The magistrate asked the defendant what was the matter, and if she could give any explanation of the matter? The defendant laughed, and said it was all right, but she really must decline to say what was the matter with her. The police-constable stated that the prescription was attached to the charge-sheet. Mr. Alexander (the second clerk): I see that cubab mixture is proscribed, but I do not know what it means. (A laugh.) Perhaps we took the mixture in mistake. The defendant: Oh, no, I did not. I shall kill myself at some other time, if I do not do so now. As for the medicine, I will not take that, but I will take the lotion if you give it to me. I am tired of my life, and I will not say where I live, as I do not wish my friends to know the plight I am in. The magistrate remanded the prisoner, and directed that she should be placed under the care of the chaplain of the House of Detention.

A REVERSE OF FORTUNE.—A neatly-attired female, who said she was sixty-two years of age, whose hair lay in iron-grey folds under a very clean widow's cap, and whose face betokened that she had lately gone through a great deal of sorrow, applied to Mr. D'Eyncourt for assistance, or for an order to admit her into one of the workhouses. The applicant stated that she had come from the country, and had walked the whole distance, as the parish in which her late husband and herself had been residing had refused to pass her to town. She had moved in a respectable sphere of society, and her husband had been dead about two years and a half. His death had been terribly sudden. One evening he had invited some friends to dinner, and after playing the part of a kind and genial host had retired into a back room and died, without having time to say one word to her or his friends. She had sold the furniture, and paid all the demands, and had lived on the proceeds as long as she could, in the hope that some thing might turn up to her advantage; but at last she was obliged to succumb, and to ask for parish relief, and ultimately to go into the workhouse. Mr. D'Eyncourt said it was not a case he could entertain, for he had not the power of making the necessary inquiries. He had no doubt her story was true, but she was like a tramp, going, as she said, from union to union. What was her reason for coming to London? The applicant said that she did not like to be in the place where she had suffered her bereavement. She knew some persons in town who might assist her, and as she belonged to a parish in London she would much rather go there. Mr. D'Eyncourt at once gave the applicant an order to take to the relieving officer of the parish she had named. She then thanked his worship for his kindness and retired.

TOM SAYERS AND HIS GARDEN.—Mary Ann Donovan, aged 26, who described herself as a married woman, residing at 20, Platt-street, Camden-town, was charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt with being drunk and wilfully damaging a quantity of plants, value £1 10s., at 10, Bitterae Cottages, Camden-street, St. Pancras, the property of Thomas Sayers, ex-chapman of the pugilistic world in England. Thomas Sayers said that the previous night, about eleven o'clock, he saw the prisoner in his garden. He found that all his plants, consisting of geraniums and others, had been pulled up, and damage to the amount of about 30s. had been done. The prisoner was a little tipsy. His garden had before been stripped of the plants, and therefore he had determined to prosecute. The plants had been torn about very much. A witness, residing three doors from Mr. Sayers, said that she saw the prisoner in the complainant's garden pulling up the plants. Some of the plants she had thrown into the surrounding gardens. The prisoner said that she knew nothing about it, and was never in the garden at all. I think they are mistaken. I never saw the man in my life, and do not know him. It is all wrong about me. I am a married woman, but my husband is in the country. I was drunk, and did not know what I was about. The complainant said that his garden had before been served in the same way, and he thought it was done out of feelings of spite. Mr. D'Eyncourt said the prisoner had done a great deal of damage, and drunkenness was no excuse for such wanton mischief. He should fine her 20s. for doing the damage, and 20s. the damage itself, or in default of payment, to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the House of Correction for one calendar month. The prisoner said she had no money, and was locked up in default.

A CASE FOR PROSECUTION.—A respectably-attired woman, who said that she was a landlady, and resided at 40, Aldham-street, Somers town, applied to Mr. Barker for an order under the 21st section of the Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Act for the protection of her property acquired since her husband had deserted her. The applicant stated that her husband had behaved very badly towards her for upwards of sixteen years, and he used to leave her and cohabit with another woman, by whom he had had two children. So badly had he acted towards her, that she had not slept with him for fifteen years. About three years ago he wanted her to leave him, and as she would not he went away himself. She had not seen him for some time, and had not even heard of him. Mr. Barker asked the applicant if her husband resided in town? The applicant said the last she heard of him was at Whitechapel. She had supported herself and her family, and her husband had not troubled himself at all about her. Mr. Barker asked how long since it was that her husband was last at her house. The applicant said it was over two years and a half. She had worked very hard, and having acquired a little property and money, she wished for an order to protect her property from her husband and his creditors. Mr. Barker: I suppose that when your husband went away you did not tell him not to go? The applicant stated that her husband said he would go away, and she said that if he could afford to keep a prostitute, and live away from home for weeks together, he would not be missed. Mr. Barker said it was not a case that was intended to be provided for by the legislature, and refused the order.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

A LOVER OF LIGHT LITERATURE.—Henry John Wright, a respectable-looking lad, in the employ of Mr. Hayward, jeweller, of Regent-street, charged with robbing his employer, was brought before Mr. Knox for final examination. The prisoner was in the employ of Mr. Hayward, and was entrusted with rings and other articles of the value of about £20, to deliver at different places, but instead of doing this he absconded with the property. Mr. Rayner, of Thames-street, Window, pawnbroker, produced two rings, one of which the prisoner had pledged and the other sold at his shop. Mr. Harrison, of Aldersgate-street, pawnbroker, gave up a pair of earrings pledged by the prisoner. The prisoner was taken into custody by Sergeant Cole, of the C division, who found in the prisoner's possession several numbers of the following books: "Bineskin," "Black Bess; or, the Knight of the Road," "Colonel Jack; or, the Life of an Highwayman," "Black Wolfe; or, the Boy Highwayman." Mr. Hayward asked that the prisoner might be dealt summarily with. Mr. Knox said it was a robbery at a jeweller's, and he could not comply with the request. Committed for trial.

WORSHIP-STREET.

TRACKING A FUGITIVE THIEF.—John Robson, alias Forrest, late a private in the 60th Rifles, and Charlotte Robson, his wife, were brought up from Winchester, in custody of Harmer, 166 N. before Mr. Leigh, charged with the following robbery. Mr. John Pitt, of Marc-street, Hackney, watchmaker and jeweller, stated that he had been for many years acquainted with the male prisoner, who paid him a friendly visit on the evening of the 21st ult., and after staying about an hour adjourned with him to a tavern in the neighbourhood, where, after partaking of some refreshment, he made an excuse to leave the house, but did not come back again. Before witness left home he deposited a gold chronometer, a gold Geneva hunter, a third gold watch, nine silver watches, six silver watch cases, and various valuable articles of jewellery into a drawer, and placed the drawer for safety in a closet in his bedroom. He had no high an opinion of the prisoner that he put the property away while the prisoner was in the room, and though he looked the closet door he did so for mere form's sake, and left the key in the lock. After waiting for the prisoner at the tavern for half an hour, he returned home, and then found that the drawer and the whole of its contents had been stolen. He gave information of the robbery to the police, but could hear nothing of the prisoner till he found him in custody at Winchester, where he was taken before Mr. Chamberlin Faithful, the magistrate, for examination, and remitted by him to London. Mrs. Anne Pitt, wife to the prosecutor, stated that within a quarter of an hour after the prisoner had left their house with her husband the prisoner returned by himself, and asked her to oblige him with some hot water. She went down to the kitchen to get it for him, when she heard the street-door open, and on looking for the prisoner found that he had gone and left the door open. She still had no suspicion of his honesty, but on accidentally going to the closet shortly afterwards she found the property and the drawer had been stolen. She knew the female prisoner to be the other prisoner's wife, as she had seen her certificate. Mr. Nicholson, a coffee-house keeper in Long-acre, and Mr. William Wooley, a tavern-keeper in Leicester-street, both deposed to the prisoner calling at their houses about three weeks ago, accompanied by a young woman, not the female prisoner, and engaged a bed there for a night or two. At one of the houses he was dressed as a sailor, and represented himself as the steward of a steamship, which he was to join at Southampton, and it was to that neighbourhood he was ultimately traced and captured. To each of these witnesses he stated he was short of money, and to one handed a silver watch, identified as one of those stolen from the prosecutor, in payment of the bill he had incurred. It was attached to a gold chain and seals, which the prisoner removed, and at his request the watch was pledged to provide him with money; but on the second occasion he incurred a similar obligation, and as security for the bill he had run requested the landlord to accept two duplicates, one for a gold guard chain and the other for the watch just referred to. Of the second landlord he in addition requested the loan of 5s., which was advanced to him, and as security deposited two duplicates with him also. At Winchester he told the prosecutor he should, now that he was taken, "make a clean breast of it," and to Harmer, on the road to town, the only remark he made was, "he was glad the matter had got so far. The female prisoner was taken in London, on suspicion that she was the woman that the male prisoner had engaged the lodgings with, and concerned in the disposal of the stolen property; but Mr. Leigh ordered her to be discharged, and remanded the man in compliance with a request from the police, who thought if it was known the prisoner was in custody, a portion of the jewellery might be traced and recovered.

SAD ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.—William Henry Collins, described as a mathematical instrument maker, living in Cudworth-street, Mile-end, was charged before Mr. Leigh with the double attempt to commit suicide by poison and drowning. Police-constable Crow, N division, said: This morning I was on duty in Hackney, and was called to the residence of a medical gentleman, in Grove-street, where I saw the defendant who appeared to have just recovered from exhaustion, and the doctor told me it was consequent upon poison; defendant himself said, "Yes, laudanum," and that he had also flung himself into the ornamental waters of Victoria-park. I took him into custody. (The quantity of laudanum taken by defendant, or the means by which he was preserved from a watery death, singularly enough were not stated.) Mr. Leigh: What have you to say respecting this determined attempt upon your life? Defendant (a respectably-dressed man of middle age): I very much regret, sir, that I should have indulged for an instant the thought of such an act, but I suffer from epileptic fits, and cannot obtain no rest at night from incessant pain and illness. I will never repeat the attempt, believe me, if you will allow me to return home to my friends. Mr. Leigh: No; that I can not do. (To defendant's son, a gentlemanly young man who was in attendance): Is your father at all given to habits of intemperance? Son: Oh, dear, no, sir, not the slightest; a more temperate man does not exist. Defendant: Sir, it is entirely as I have told you, but I should now be greatly obliged if you would allow me to have a glass or two of wine, for I feel exceedingly ill, and then send me home to my friends. Mr. Leigh: I will send you to the House of Detention for a short time, that you may have the opportunity of deriving advantage from communication with the chaplain. Defendant: Oh, pray do not send me to a prison. I am sane now—perfectly sane; but if you take this step with me I know it will render me otherwise. The magistrate, however, was inexorable to the urgent and oft-repeated appeal of the defendant, who subsequently, upon partaking of required refreshment, was accompanied by Berdall, the gaoler, in a cab to the House of Detention, and became comatose.

A HEARTLESS HUSBAND.—Jason Miller, a well-dressed middle-aged man, described as a coach-maker, was charged at the instance of Mr. Shorter, clerk to the trustees of Hackney parish, with wilfully deserting his wife, and leaving her chargeable to that parish. Mr. Shorter said this was one of the worst cases he had been called upon to interfere in for a very long time. The prisoner was in very good circumstances, and well capable of supporting his wife if he chose to do so, and every leniency and consideration had been shown him to induce him to come to something like reason; but he obstinately refused to give her anything, though the wife, from all that could be learned of her, was an industrious, well-conducted woman, who was suffering from a cancerous or similar fearful internal disease, which prevented her doing anything to support herself. He had lived separate from her for more than two years, and had at first agreed to allow her 7s. per week for two children, of which he and she were the parents, but this he afterwards reduced to 5s., and then discontinued it altogether, so that she had been compelled to throw herself and her children upon the parish to save them from starvation, and the parish had been compelled to apprehend him. The wife, a neatly-dressed woman, who was much affected, said she had been obliged to leave her home with her children two years and five months ago, in consequence of the wicked conduct of the prisoner, who had at first made improper overtures to her own place, and then formed a disgraceful intimacy with another man's wife, with whom he was still cohabiting, and by whom he had had a child. He had for some time allowed witness 5s. weekly for her two children, but would not allow her anything at all for herself. Even this allowance he had refused for a long time past; and after struggling on as well as she could her health at last became so bad she could do nothing. On asking him for money on one occasion he took up as axe and threatened to kill her; on a second occasion, he knocked her down and severely injured her arm, for which, as compensation, he offered her 2s.; and he had repeatedly expressed his determination to allow her nothing till he got her into the union, when, if he did, he would take care and keep her there. He had been in constant employment with one firm for seven years, with a very good income, but had only given her that 2s. for herself the whole time she had stated. Mr. Tomlin, the relieving officer, deposed to the amount of relief afforded the woman by the guardians, and added that on sending a person to him to try and induce him to allow his wife something, he obstinately declared he would give her nothing, and that the parish might make him if they liked. The prisoner said he had only lately discontinued the allowance, and that his wife might have continued in a good home but for her own conduct. The magistrate sentenced him to one month's hard labour in the House of Correction, on hearing which he, in some consternation, offered Mr. Shorter to increase the allowance for his family, and pay it; but on Mr. Shorter offering to intercede if he would allow his wife and children 15s. per week, he indignantly exclaimed that he would go to goal first, and he was accordingly taken away in the van.

THE DENS OF LONDON.—Mr. Joseph Prince, inspector of lodging-houses and dangerous tenements, applied to Mr. Leigh for his sanction to two orders to enforce the instant removal of the tenants of houses in Bethnal-green. The inspector said the orders were applied for under the 80th

section of the 18th and 19th of Victoria, cap. 122, which states that where the district surveyor shall certify any structure to be dangerous to its inmates, any justice of the peace may direct the inmates to be removed, and, if they have no other place of abode, may require them to be received into the workhouse of the parish wherein the structure shall be situated. The district surveyor, in company with himself, had carefully inspected three houses in one of the bye-streets leading out of Shoreditch, but in Bethnal-green parish, numbered 19, 20, and 21 respectively, and found them in a state extremely hazardous to the lives of the tenants, who were unusually numerous and very poor. It was obvious to every one that the houses might fall in upon and crush them at any moment. The landlord, who seemed to agree with himself and the surveyor, had been ordered to pull them down within seven days; the inhabitants, however, would not move without compulsion, and he therefore asked for the magistrate's orders for the inmates of two of the houses to leave or be turned out immediately. The necessity of this would appear when he stated that on one floor of the house No. 21, there was a family consisting of a man, his wife and seven children, varying from seventeen to five years of age and on the second floor a family, consisting of a man, his wife, and also seven children, varying from seventeen to four years of age, these apartments constituting, in fact, but one room; while on the third, or ground floor, the garret being empty, lived a child's toy-maker, with a wife and a family almost as numerous. No. 20 was tenanted also by three families, each man with a wife and a numerous family. The house No. 19, from which they had already succeeded in removing the tenants, would be shored up strongly, or it would come down with the others. The whole were filthy and dilapidated; the party wall between 20 and 21 bulged at the basement to the extent of at least two feet, and the whole brickwork throughout was so much fractured that it might fall at any moment. In the basement of 20 a great quantity of the dust and house refuse had not been removed for fourteen years, and formed a mound, through which a pathway had been made by constant treading, which led from and to the entrances at the back and front. The water for drinking purposes was derived from a small tub without a lid in the midst of this heap; but a very scanty supply was furnished, it not being on much more than twenty minutes at a time. There was no efficient drainage to take off the waste water, so that the basements were saturated by it, and pools of stagnant water collected in the yards, which were unpaved, and contained a quantity of putrid vegetables, which had not been removed for a long time. Mr. Leigh signed the orders, and the inspector left the court, but he had scarcely done so when two of the tenants made their appearance. They wished to know why they were to be turned out with such a short notice. One of them, a weaver, said he could not pull his works down in so short a time. He had been there a good while, and the house had been always in the same state. It was not more dangerous than it was before. Mr. Leigh said he could not help it—he must sign the order; the surveyor reported that the houses might fall in upon the inmates at any moment; they did not want, he supposed, to lose their lives, and it seemed they would certainly do so if allowed to stop there. His making the order was as much for their own protection as that of any one else. The two men left the court very much dissatisfied, and declaring that they would not leave.

SOUTHWARK.

JUVENILE SEARCHERS AFTER KNOWLEDGE.—James McCarthy and Jeremiah Sullivan, two London Arabs, whose heads were hardly visible in the dock, were brought before Mr. Combe, charged with stealing three books, entitled "History of the Plague," "Life in Austria," and "History of the Lakes," the property of William Collins, bookseller, &c., near the Bricklayers' Arms, Old Kent-road. Ann Collins, the wife of the prosecutor, said that about five o'clock on the previous afternoon she saw the books produced exposed for sale on a ledge at the shop-door. About seven o'clock she missed them, and the prisoners were brought in by a constable and given into custody. Richard Honeysett, Police-constable, 233 M., said he was on duty in the Bermondsey New-road about half-past six, when he saw the prisoners enter a marine store dealer's, and offer the books for sale. Sullivan said they belonged to his father, who had sent him to dispose of them, as he was then up and wanted bread for the family. Witness questioned them, and then McCarthy said they had stolen them from a book-stall near the Bricklayers' Arms. Witness took them there, and the books being identified by Mrs. Collins, they were given into custody. Mr. Combe asked if he knew anything of the boys. The constable replied that he knew nothing about them. He believed they came from over the water. Mr. Combe (to the prisoners): Have you any friends? Sullivan: No, sir; we ain't got none. Mr. Combe: Where do you come from? Sullivan: Over the water, sir. Rosemary-lane. Mr. Combe: Have you never been to school? Sullivan: No, sir. Our parents never sent us to school. Mr. Combe: I thought you said you had no friends? Sullivan: No, more we ain't. We keeps ourselves as well as we can. Mr. Combe was perfectly satisfied that they were young thieves, and no doubt sent out by their parents to steal anything they could lay their hands on. He sentenced each of them to fourteen days' hard labour.

LAMBERTH.

A RUNAWAY HUSBAND.—A respectable-looking woman made application to the Hon. G. C. Norton for a protection order, under the Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Act, to protect her property from her husband. The applicant stated that about three years ago, being then a widow, she married a widower, and that soon after their marriage she came into the possession of £1,000 by the will of her mother. Her husband, by representing that he was about to receive £800 in property left to his former wife, and that he was about to take a public-house in the Borough, unfortunately prevailed upon her to sign a joint document to enable him to take the £1,000 out of the London and Westminster Bank. As soon as he received it he absconded, leaving her without a shilling. Some time after she learned that he was at Liverpool, and on going there she found him in possession of a public-house, and living with a woman with whom he had lived before their marriage. She insisted on his doing something for her, or handing to her a portion of the £1,000, and he promised to do so, but his object was evidently to gain time to dispose of his business, which he did. He disappeared without doing anything whatever for her. She afterwards heard of his being in business at Bristol, and there she went in search of him, but was unsuccessful. She next heard of his being at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, and on going there she found him with the same woman. On seeing her, he said that he had spent all his money, and was obliged to work by driving a cart at 8s. a week, and that of course he could not allow her anything out of that. She then returned to London and made a livelihood by keeping a school, but later her sister had offered her £100, the remainder of her mother's property, and he refused unless well paid for doing so, and her sister, under the circumstances, was about to get the money out by other means, and give it to her. Her fear, however, was that the moment she got it her husband would come and claim it unless it was secured to her. Mr. Norton thought the case a very distressing one, and granted the certificate as required.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF A RESPECTABLE YOUNG WOMAN.—On Monday, Mr. H. Wright, a respectable tradesman, of Newnham-terrace, Hercules-buildings, Lambeth, and carrying on business in Cheater-street, Kennington-lane, applied to Mr. Combe for that magistrate's advice under the following circumstances. The applicant said that from childhood he had brought up Ann Wigmore, a niece of his, now between eighteen and nineteen years of age, and had always treated and looked upon her as a child of his own. Her conduct at all times had been everything he could have wished for, and he was not aware of her forming any acquaintance beyond the circle of his own friends. On the previous Thursday morning she prepared to go into the City, to a warehouse where she was in the habit of getting out some work, in her business as dressmaker, and he (applicant) requested that she might go by way of Long-acre, and look in at a house of call there for wheelers and coachmakers, and request that one of the men out of employ might call on him, and from that time to the present he had not seen or heard of her. Mr. Combe: Have you made application at the police-stations? Mr. Wright: I have, sir. There is not a police-station, a prison, or workhouse in the metropolis that I have not been at, but can get no tidings whatever about her, and being a person of steady habits I feel much alarmed for her safety, and cannot form the slightest idea as to what has become of her. Mr. Combe: The only advice I can give you is to write out an accurate description of your missing niece and leave it at the different police-stations, and by this means you may, and I hope you will, get some tidings of her. Mr. Wright: Well, sir, she is a young woman between eighteen and nineteen, about five feet two inches tall, dark hair and eyes rather good-looking; dress, speckled buff, long black cashmere cloak, dark bonnet partly trimmed with blue, spring boots, and her linen marked A. W. Mr. Combe: That description will do to leave with the police. I think you have said that you are not aware of your niece having formed any acquaintances? Mr. Wright: I am not aware of such, and being a particularly steady and well-conducted young woman I cannot think she has. Mr. Wright, who seemed in deep affliction, then thanked the magistrate for his attention and advice and left the court.

GREENWICH.

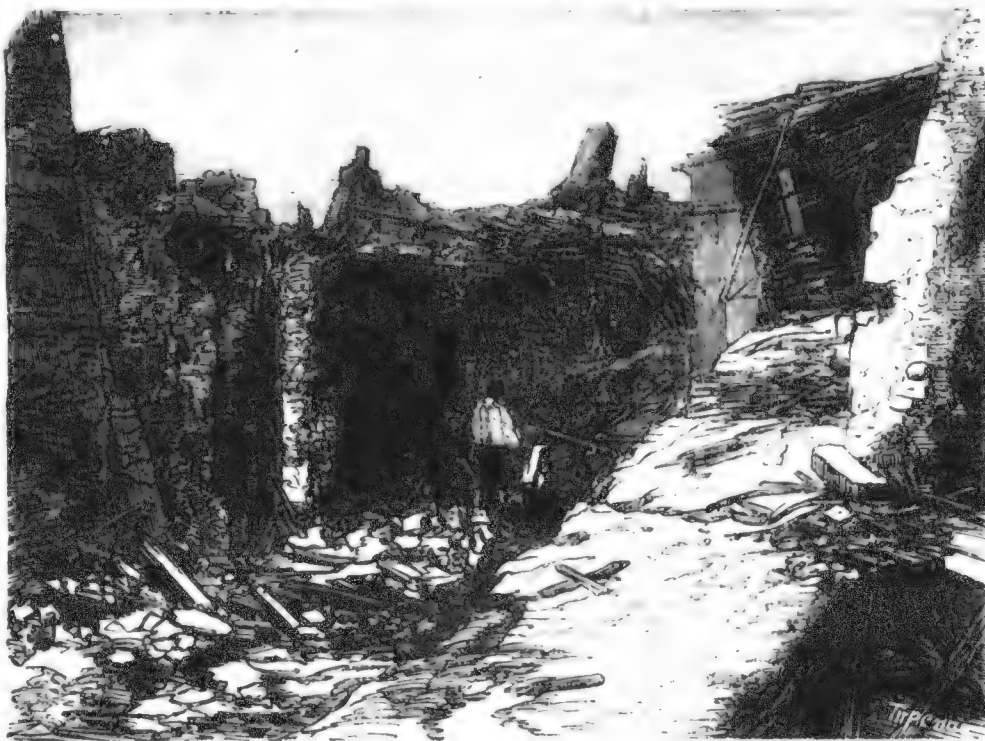
NIGHT POACHING.—John Wood was charged with having seven rabbits in his possession. The prisoner was seen at an early hour in the morning by a policeman carrying a bag. Two men were with him and two lurcher dogs. He was asked what he had in his bag, and he said he did not know, for it was given him by two other men to carry. There were seven rabbits in the bag. The other man ran away, but the dogs followed the prisoner. Mr. Traill considered that the prisoner had been guilty of night poaching, and remanded him for further inquiries.

EARTHQUAKES.

THE recent exhibition of this phenomenon in England has created a thirst for information as to its nature, and the probability of a recurrence. Many eminent men, skilled in noting and recording natural phenomena, have contributed their ideas to the daily press, from which we glean the following:—

The earthquake which has so lately passed across this island having given rise to much discussion, a resume of our present knowledge respecting such phenomena will probably be interesting to the public. In order to render the explanations intelligible to all, we must commence by briefly referring to certain physical phenomena of the earth. Without going into the various arguments which have been brought forward in favour of or against the theory of central heat, we may state that there are very strong grounds for supposing that the temperature of the earth increases enormously from the circumference to the centre. Taking the average of many observations, there is a rise of one degree C. for every hundred feet of depth. The individual observations do not certainly agree very well as to the exact proportion between temperature and depth, but they all show that there is a decided rise of temperature as we descend into the crust of the earth; and if we consider the variations which must arise, according as the borings are made in high land, valleys, or plains, and remember that the rocks which constitute the shell of the earth vary much in their conductivity for heat, this is as much as we can reasonably expect. The ratio of one degree for every hundred feet is probably correct within one-fifth. Accordingly, at a depth of 10,000 feet, the temperature would be

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS.



THE ENTRANCE TO PESTOSA.

of these, and of the associated phenomena, volcanoes, proves that the subterranean forces are in a state of ceaseless activity. When the pent up gases force for themselves and their accompanying lava a passage through the rock, volcanoes are produced, but when the superincumbent strata are too hard to be broken through, the violent rending and tearing asunder of the rocks, in the endeavour of the confined gases to escape, produce earthquakes. If a stone be dropped into a pool of water, it gives rise to a system of waves, or alternate rising and falling of the liquid, which travel across the surface with a certain velocity. In a similar manner, if a solid elastic body receives a sudden shock, waves of alternate condensation and expansion are rapidly propagated from the centre where the blow is struck. Thus, the fall of a building, the blasting of a rock, or the explosion of a powder magazine, can be felt at a considerable distance in a sudden and brief trembling of the ground, caused by the passing earth-wave.

What is our own position with reference to the chance of earthquake disturbances? If it is remembered that these islands lie upon one of the most frequently affected volcanic zones, it is a matter of some surprise that we have hitherto been so free from earthquakes. This question has been deeply studied by many eminent physicists, and they are compelled to admit that no reason can be found why we in England should not be visited by them as severely as the inhabitants of neighbouring countries. In the opinion of Professor Ansted, who has devoted more attention to this subject than almost any other geologist, we live in an area certainly subject to such move-



RUINS INSIDE PESTOSA.

equal to that of boiling water; whilst at 120,000 feet, or twenty-three miles, the temperature would be 1,200 deg. C. sufficient to melt cast iron, and make basalt run like water. Although at 10,000 feet deep the temperature would be equal to that of boiling water, the pressure of the superincumbent strata would prevent water from entering into ebullition. Upon descending lower the temperature would increase, and the expansive force of the heated water would likewise augment, and in a greater degree than the pressure, until at last, at a point about eight miles below the surface, the expansive force of the steam would be strong enough to upheave the whole liquid column pressing on it. It would here exist in the form of high-pressure steam, exerting its force against the sides of the containing cavity, and if the conditions were such that it could not escape upwards, the pressure would accumulate, and be transmitted down to the red-hot lava in the interior of the earth, which would be forced by it along the path of least resistance. There are many reasons for supposing that there are mighty caverns and tunnels deep in the earth, filled with molten lava, and branching under whole continents, and even under the bottom of the sea. The forces pressing on the liquid contents of these cavities, and the enormous powers generated by the chemical and other actions which must there be going on, occasion a constant struggle for the gases to escape, and give rise to those convulsive throes known as earthquakes. The frequent occurrence



THE RUINS OF THE DUCAL PALACE, POLA.

ments, and not very far from those countries where the most severe earthquakes on record have happened. Any part of this Western Europe and its shores is as liable to a great occasional upheaval, as it is without doubt constantly affected by small ones. We enjoy no immunity. Earthquakes have frightened our forefathers, and may overwhelm us. The fatal explosion may happen this or next year, it may not happen this century. It may originate beneath our very feet, or at the bottom of the ocean near our shores, or it may take place so far away that we can hear only the faint echoes of the convulsive throes; but we are not the less certainly living over a mine ready to be sprung, and no one can tell when or where the fatal match will be applied.

Our illustration shows the dreadful effects of the earthquake which visited Naples in 1857, when 30,000 persons were buried in the ruins, and 250,000 made houseless.

THE inconveniences of crinoline have been found so great in the Staffordshire Potteries, that the principal manufacturers, Messrs. Copeland, Messrs. Minton, and others, have forbidden the use of crinolines on their premises during the hours of work. In one stop alone, the losses by breakage of articles swept down by them amounted to 200*l.* a-year. The workshops became too small, and the work was impeded. The workwomen have submitted to the change with almost entire unanimity and good will, and now enter upon their work in garments like those of Greek statues.

MASTER PAPE, THE PIANISTE.

THE portrait in this page is that of Master Pepe, the young American pianiste, whose precocious talent has attracted the attention of the musical world of London during the last season.

A SHAM ROTHSCHILD.

THE Court of Assizes of the Seine tried a young man named Polak, charged with forging three bills of exchange, each for the sum of 1,000*fr.* It appeared from the evidence that the prisoner, who has received a good education, and speaks six languages well, has been for some time past preying on the public under various names, calling himself for some time Baron de Wolf, and lately M. Charles de Rothschild. In the beginning of June last he entered a restaurant in the Boulevard de Magenta, apparently in a state of great agitation, and requested M. Payen, the master of the house, to write a letter under his dictation to a person whom he styled Count de la Boulee. M. Payen consented, and afterwards carried the letter to its address. The following day the prisoner came again, and after giving his name as Charles de Rothschild, son of Baron James, entreated M. Payen to go and inquire whether his father had returned from England. Eager to oblige so important a person, M. Payen did as he was requested, and came back with answer that the baron had not returned. The prisoner seemed exceedingly chagrined at this news, and succeeded in borrowing 1,000*fr.* from M. Payen, for which he gave a receipt signed Charles de Rothschild. On the 15th of June the prisoner left Paris for Brussels and Spa, from both of which places he sent letters and telegraphic despatches to M. Payen. On the 24th he returned to Paris, and pretending urgent need of ready money, asked M. Payen to lend him 1,000*fr.*, which the latter was unable to do at the moment, but he borrowed 2,000*fr.* from a neighbour, and handed them to the prisoner, who handed him as security three bills of exchange for 1,000*fr.* each, signed Charles de Rothschild, and at the same time received back the receipt he had given for the first 1,000*fr.* he had advanced. With this money the prisoner went to Spa, where he lost at play everything he had, and wrote thence on the 2nd of July for 500*fr.* more, which M. Payen forwarded



MASTER PAPE, THE CELEBRATED PIANIST.

by post. A week later the prisoner returned moneyless to Paris, and wanted a further loan. By this time M. Payen began to suspect that he had been duped, and insisted that the prisoner should accompany him to MM. de Rothschild's, to remove all doubt as to his identity. He consented to go, and on the clerks at the bank declaring the prisoner to be an impostor, he was arrested. The prisoner made no attempt to deny the charges against him, merely stating that he had lost the money at the gaming-table. The jury, without hesitation, found the prisoner "Guilty" on all the charges, and the court sentenced him to seven years' imprisonment.

THE *Lafayette* (Indiana) *Journal* claims the "oldest man in the world" as a resident of Tippecanoe county. It says he was born in 1750, in the colony of Virginia, and is now 113 years old.

EXCITING CHASE. — A letter from the steamship *Banshee*, recently arrived at Nassau, says:—"We left Wilmington on the 21st of September. At 5.30 a.m., on the 22nd, discovered a large cruiser about two miles off. This fellow gave us a tremendous chase. At first, when the water was smooth, we gained on him; it then came on to blow, and he got his sails to bear and came up with us. I thought I saw New York in perspective. We then threw over part of our deck load, and went away from him. The wind increased almost to a gale, and he came up again. We then put her head to sea, and threw the remainder of the deck load off, which lightened her, and we gained steadily, and lost him at 7.30 p.m., after a chase of fourteen hours, and right glad was I to see him stop. There never was such a chase, except the Nashville by the Keystone State, and we should most surely have been taken if we had not lightened her. After getting away we had heavy weather, and ran short of coals, and were obliged to put into Great Harbour, about ninety miles from this. There I chartered a schooner to take me to Nassau and bring coals back. We started, got caught in a regular West Indian gale in a twenty-nine ton boat, and the crew funk'd and put back. However, after bribing them, I got them to start again, and arrived here this morning."

Literature

SWEETHEART NAN;

OR, THE PEASANT GENTLEMAN'S DARLING.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY ELFRIDA'S POWER."

CHAPTER XLIII.

NATURE.

NAN was never quite able to account for the paroxysm which seized her, and carried her quickly towards the verge of that melancholy madness to which she was tending.

For my part, that of the chronicler, I believe firmly that it was the sight of the wretched woman on the avenue roadway which excited her. The woman in question was one of those common Irish female labourers, who work at the lowest of human work, and who appear to be the happiest of human beings in the realms of her Majesty the Queen.

Who has not seen the Irish field labourers in their blitheness? They sing and laugh at their daily work, they quit that work gaily, and wend their way home, croning the long sad songs of their native land, and their arms put about each others' waists.

There seems to be an oath amongst them to be joyful. Their faces, if heavy and dark, are bright; their voices, if worn, are cheerful; their lives, if hard-worked, are healthy. For one kind word they will exchange twenty; and they rarely beg. These are the Irish labourers, male and female, in our English fields. They die and they marry, and, bearing children, the mothers rise quickly from their beds, and, carrying their little ones with them, they go singing back to their fields, the sucklings slung upon their shoulders. And then, these latter put in some handy shed, and under the care of some crippled wench, they return to their work, a trifle less ruddy than they were, but strong to work, happy, and, perhaps, some of the most contented people in the world. Why should they not be? They are healthy—they love one another—they have a little food, which they make enough—and many children. These are the simple conditions of equal-handed happiness. My dear brother, there is more equality in this world than most of you wot of. God holds the scales, and compensates.

Came into the avenue at Oaklands, on that morning when Penton arrived, one of these poor, but not abject—poor, but not unhappy—labouring women. Her work was the uprooting of that troublesome couch-grass (I believe Mr. Solomons called it) which patched the roadway. This weed, it would appear, can only be truly eradicated by the patient, human hand slowly but certainly plucking it from the ground. This labouring work the stolid Saxon gardeners and labourers reject; and so the happy, patient, making-the-best-of-it Irish take to this amongst other dirty work.

Seeing this woman accidentally from her window, Nan, for a moment, took her for an animal, as she stooped on hands and knees, diligently working slowly along the avenue.

But she was a happy animal, for she suckled.

This fact Nan learned as she gazed pityingly from the window. She was wondering what kind of life this woman's could be, and asking herself whether she had the feelings of a woman. Perhaps Nan even was asking herself whether, if this woman lost a child, she would grieve for it, when suddenly the animal on the avenue road locked up, started, became once more human in her form, as she stood upright. And then, with a heavy groan, and busying herself, as she did so, with the clothing about her breast (a heavy shawl, knotted behind her back), she left her labour.

She stopped at a clump of trees, stooped down, and picked up a

small bundle, which she folded in her arms, at the same time caressing it tenderly.

The animal was suckling her little one.

It was this poor yet holy sight which maddened Nan. This wanderer could love and fondle her child—she was desolate.

Heaven knows what was her thought, as she said, in answer to the hurried inquiry of her maid, who happened to be in the room, that she was going out.

May be she had but the idea of going to the woman; may be she meant leaving Oaklands and searching for her little one; and, possibly, she had no idea beyond momentarily escaping from her prison-house.

She has since said that, during that terrible time, she did not think over much of Gilbert's promise to restore her little one to her.

She has declared that all she felt was her loss—nothing more.

When her father appeared at the door she started, then faced him, an expression upon her face it had never worn before. It showed no love, no fear, no hate—merely defiance.

"Nan, where art going?"

"I'm going out," she replied, harshly.

He answered as roughly, "Thee must ask me first."

"I'm going out," she repeated.

"Try," he said, turning and standing against the door he had now closed.

"Why do you stop me?" she asked, defiantly.

"Because thee wilt harm thyself by going out as thee art."

"Ill or dead, what does that matter to you?" she asked.

As father and daughter now stood alone, facing each other, they were very much alike—terribly similar. They defied each other, but the better spirit was on his side. He thought only of her, and pitied while he opposed her. She thought only of her child, and not at all of him. Nor for this is she to be blamed. Nature is nature. We cannot rebel against her laws; and one of the first canons of her will is the unapproachable love of the mother for her young.

"Ill or dead, what does that matter to you?" she asked.

This was the end of a score of years' watchful love. To be told that he did not care whether she was ill or well—whether she lived or died. Poor gentleman, he had not learnt the hard lesson that the day comes when our children, being parents, become our fraternal equals.

"Do thee speak to me thus?" he asked, sadly, forgiving her in the very tone he used.

"How else can I speak? What have I to hope from you? I knelt, and you pushed me away; I wept, and you were without pity. I believe no longer that you can be merciful."

"Nan, I'm saving your good name."

"I don't care for my good name," she cried. "You speak as she spoke. Perhaps you ordered her what to say."

"She, Nan! Who do thee speak of?"

"Ellen Villiers."

He started, looked about him haggardly, and asked quickly, "Does she know that?"

"That I have my little child? Yes. Of what else could I speak to another woman? What else do I want but my little child? You must give me back my little girl—indeed you must? I—I WILL have her!"

Gradually, as she spoke, her voice rose, so that, as she uttered the word "will," she might have been heard through the door against which her father was standing.

He flinched as her voice rose in intensity.

"Hush!" he said; "we are not at the Moor Farm. They will hear you; and then they will talk of you."

"Let them hear, and let them talk!" she cried, and by this time the poor wretch was quite incapable of controlling herself. "I will demand and demand till I have it. I will not stand by and let

you cast my child to some public charity, some founding hospital, while her own mother yearns for her. You will not destroy the girl, but you wish to lose all knowledge of her. And I will that you do nothing of the sort. I am her mother—I am her mother! I will that you do not separate us. For the last time, I ask—where is my daughter?"

"And I ask, where is the father? Thee have said thee do not know. Where there be no father, there be no child. I cannot tell, lass, what thee canst be talking of."

These last words he said calmly as he could. But govern himself as he would—and his hard life had taught him how to be master of himself—he could not control the quivering lip, nor that nervous something which beat in his face, and involuntarily contracted it.

She put her hands together, and looked at him.

Hers was not a good face to look upon. Her instinct had struck from her all memory of her life, all the old love for her father, all the art of her education. The nature of the mother seized and held her loyal to itself. He was implacable, she thought, as she looked at him, and then something whispered to her, "If he has no mercy on you, why you on him?"

"Will you tell me where my daughter is?"

"No, Nan."

"If you will not tell me, you shall others."

"Never," he said, "never!"

You see he had now ceased to call her Nan. He spoke harshly, and as the terrible word passed his lips he crossed his arms, his hands being clenched as he did so.

"I will force you to speak!"

"Thee!—and what will thee do to make me speak?"

So the father and daughter, who had loved each other so dearly, fell to this—to be standing face to face, defying each other.

"What will I do?" she asked. "I will openly declare myself, and say I am a mother!"

He fell back from her as though she had struck him. There was no longer any defiance in his face. She had conquered him utterly. He had fought in secret against the world to hide from it his shame and his daughter's; and now she went over to this world and turned against him. He had fought more for her than for himself, so, when he knew her gone over to the enemy, he dropped his sword. Imagine, at this time, in America, an ardent Northern father witnessing his son riding over to the enemy's lines with a stolen flag of truce. Then may you have some idea of the poor Squire, as his daughter broke through all the lines of his defences.

"Thee dare not!" he said.

"I dare all!" she replied. "Dare you face what will happen?"

Known to be a mother, people will ask where is my child, and me, all unable to reply, they will accuse. There have been women who have killed their children, and they will murmur, and then cry aloud, pointing at me, "She has killed her child!"

"Kill!" he said, weakly. He was utterly beaten down, crushed, overpowered. The father and daughter had at last met, face to face, arms in hand, and he had been utterly conquered.

"Will you dare let them point at me?—will you dare let them say I am a murderess?"

"Murder? Thee? Sweetheart Nan? My daughter?" he said, faintly, becoming at that hour a very weak old man.

"I am no more your daughter!" she replied; "I am my child's mother! Give me back this child, or"—here she ran to the window, and threw it open—"here I will call out my shame before you!"

"Nan—Nan, you shall have her!"

And now it was Nan's turn to be conquered. The words caused her face to overspread with joy; and then, as she guided herself weakly to a chair, her face once more became human and woman-like.

The battle had been fought, and Nan had won the victory; but her triumph of itself was a defeat. The anger and defiance between these two had gone for ever. The past could never be recalled; and the future? Neither knew aught of the future, and neither cared to know.

But, by the way, Lemmings never loved his daughter better than at this moment.

"I did not think thee would turn thy own sin against me! Thee shouldst be satisfied! Thou hast beaten me!"

Here he opened the door.

"Thy road be free!" he said. "Go!"

"Father, dear, good father!" she cried, yet fearing to go near him.

Then he spoke in a very calm tone, as though he was passing away from life, and was glad to have done with it.

"God is very good, daughter," he said. "When we're near death he do make us sick o' life. Thee can go, Nan. I'll give thee a letter, Nan, to take to place where thy child be. Thou wilt find her well cared for. I be no child slayer."

"Forgive me!" she said.

And so, you see, the Christianity of the father spread to the daughter. While he, like a fierce Hebrew of the happily long passed away time, was merciless, he fostered in his daughter equal mercilessness; now he forgave, she forgave also; and so, with the cross between them, they joined hands.

Nay, he kissed her on the cheek.

"I have been so wretched," the poor child said.

Then she added, eagerly, "You will give me the letter?"

"I'll go write it thee," he said. "I'll not keep thee long, Nan. Well, Nan, we part in peace, my dear?"

"Yes, quite in peace."

"And thee forgive me also, daughter, do thee not?"

Clearly he thought she had somewhat to forgive, and, perchance she had, for she replied, "I have forgotten all."

"Thee canst kiss me, daughter, if thee wilt."

"Father!—my good father!" she said, putting her arms about him.

Did he feel the desolation of knowing that another claimed the first place in her arms? Did he even at that moment feel that the arms of the child turn from the father to the child?

But this is certain that he said, "'Tis well, lass, 'tis well. 'Tis good to kiss, for sometimes happens that people do part, and do go their different roads, thinking, may be, 'tis for few short hours, and then, when one does come back, the other be—"

"What do you mean, dear father?" she said, speaking not as she would have spoken some months before as his daughter, her father being the dearest being to her on the earth, but with some little gravity, with some slight kind of superiority, which those men among my readers who have daughters who are mothers will readily understand.

"Ah mean narght," said he. "'Tis fancy. Thee canst kiss me again, Sweetheart Nan."

Then it was that her face changed. Have you seen the fair countenance of a landscape grow dead and pale, as clear, cold, whitish-grey clouds sweep up from the horizon? Then you can imagine the change which passed over her countenance.

"Thee wilt take the little open chaise, Nan, wilt thee not, when thee go? Then I can see thee arl down avenue when I stand at window."

Then her face fell more, and the old despair settled once more down upon it. She had read his thoughts, or thought she read them.

I, for one, believe Lemmings was too good a Christian to destroy himself while he was no burden to himself, and was able to do good to others. He himself fears that the weight of his shame and coming loneliness and desolation might prompt him to seek the repose of death.

"No, no, no!" she cried, looking her father wildly in the face.

"Then thou wilt not go to thy little one?"

She wound her arms about his neck. She feared to go—yet it was mere despair to stay.

"Thee need not hesitate, my Nan; and thee need not weep. I see well thee cannot live without her. I should be a bad father did I make thee an unnatural mother. I'll go and write t' letter, lass; and that done, thee canst go."

Then he rose.

But she caught him about the neck as he turned to leave the room.

"No, no, no!" she cried. "Come what may, dear father, I will not leave you!"

That night the wild fever, in which Nan had surged and tossed while hid in the Moor Farm-house, came back and again seized her; and Nelly Villiers took up her post, heavy at heart and weary in frame, to watch by the unquiet bed of her sorely-trying friend.

That night, also, the doctor ordered all Sweetheart Nan's pretty hair to be cut off.

Meanwhile, away in his room, the aging Squire prayed—not for special help, but with all due humility—"OH, LORD, THY WILL BE DONE!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

DANGEROUS SICKNESS.—DANGEROUS DRUGS.

THREE DAYS.

There came another and a better doctor. He was worn and pale, but with the love of help and pity bright on his face. This medical man was Gilbert Dorton.

Ellen had not quitted the bedside of poor suffering Sweetheart Nan, and the father watched like a dog at the door of the sick room.

He was afraid to come to her side.

Sweetheart Nan had recovered from her mania, but she lay very ill and sick to the death. She wanted to die. In life she was wretched, and she sought the peace of the grave. Perchance the reader, if a medical man, has witnessed that kind of low fever where the patient literally yields life. The medical man can hardly say what it is. He remarks, "Low fever must have been in some unwholesome air." And so the patient continues, very gradually getting worse and worse, till the power is worn away, and, ready to accept of a formularized disease, the doctor can give the sickness a name which too often appears as that from which the death of the patient took place. The disease must be stated in the certificate, and it would be impossible for the medical man to set it out that the patient died because he or she did not want to live.

Yet this is actually the fact in too many frequent cases. I do not say a shape of distinct disease does not carry such patient ultimately away from a world which has become weary to him, but I do assert that the distinct form of disease would not have attacked the patient had not this latter laid himself open to the assault by that voluntary resignation of the vital principle, which action the more close-fisted of medical men deny to be possible, and which their more liberal, though not most enlightened brethren, constitute into "something being on the mind."

When Gilbert stood at her bedside, she woke smilingly out of a fitful sleep. She did not appear to be at all surprised to see him. In the half-consciousness of fever nothing surprises us. But her joy was not the less intense; so intense, that it made the poor weak frame tremble.

"I am so glad you have come," she said, with a certain sense of zest which augured convalescence in its very tone.

"I'll leave you two people together," said Ellen Villiers, and whereupon she left the room.

"My poor Nan! I thought the promise I had made you would have kept you from this. I told you to hope, and now, my poor

darling, I tell you to hope still more fervidly than when I last saw you."

"You have found her, I am sure," said Sweetheart Nan.

"I know where she is; my man Stock found her."

But Nan's face lightened up with none of the vigorous pleasure he had hoped to see upon it.

She shook her head, and told him of the last interview between her father and herself.

"I thought, Gilbert, I had got through all my heavy troubles, but I was wrong. It is true, my father gives me leave to seek the little child; but—but I saw such a terrible look upon his face, Gilbert, that I am sure he meant his own destruction!"

Dorton fell back, crying, "No, no; he is too much of a man for that?"

"I tell you, Gilbert, I saw death written in his face. You see, dear, what a life is mine. I must choose between them. I must choose between them—I must either be a bad mother, or a parricide! I almost ask heaven, Gilbert, why I am so tried. Oh, I know how wrong such a thought is, but I cannot help it! I know I am accused wrongfully; and so, when all comes to be known, no living being will pity me, and all who know me will point at me as a warning to other women of the end of that unchastity of which my own father accuses me!"

"No living being, Nan. Do you forget me?"

"You pity me, Gilbert, because you see me miserably beaten down. But I do not ask for pity; I do demand justice. I will not have people generously, as they think, pardon me for a sin of which I am not guilty—of which I am not guilty!"

As she spoke, she sat up amongst the pure white drapery with which her bed was furnished. It was impossible to disbelieve her. Tired of life, she had no need to lie to the living; and yet she maintained, steadfastly, earnestly, and plainly that she was a virtuous woman. Absurd as her assertion appeared, ludicrous as belief in it might seem, it was impossible to hear her words and disbelieve them. For a given lie there must be some motive. What motive had this woman to be untruthful, as she lay on what she would willingly have accepted as her death-bed. She wanted to die; yet to lie is to cling to life, for to lie is to think deception valuable. Now, to Sweetheart Nan all the world had become valueless.

"I do believe you, Nan!" cried Gilbert.

The faint cry she gave was beyond description. It was gratitude, triumph, prayer, and love, all involved in the one simple sound.

"Why I believe you, upon rational grounds, dear Nan, I cannot say. My belief is directly against all the teaching and knowledge of my life. And yet I do believe you—I do, indeed! I was the first man to accuse you—I am the first to deny the accusation. Strange, though true, when the helpless little child was under my eyes I began to wonder whether you spoke the truth; now I have no more doubt, dear Sweetheart Nan! How I explain my creed to myself I know not, but to me you are a pure and virtuous woman."

As for Nan, she had put her hands together, and a smile was upon her lips which the angels might have envied.

After a pause, "Gilbert, dear, a little while back I wanted to die, and now I do not fear death, for there is one human being who will one day say to her, 'Your mother was not a fallen woman; she was but hapless.'"

"My dear Nan, you must not think of dying yet. I'm sure better days are in store for you and me, Nan. Sweetheart Nan, will you trust all to me?"

"Yes, Gilbert, all. But what makes up the all?"

"I want you to promise me one thing. If ever you learn who he is, to point him out to me; not to spare him, but to let me deal with the poor wretch."

"I promise, Gilbert, if I live."

Now it was at this point that humble, dog-patient Squire Lemmings knocked at the door.

He came in full of lowly excuses. "Was Sweetheart Nan better, Gilbert? Would she be herself again in a day or two? No? Or a week?—or a month?"

"Mr. Lemmings, I want to have a palaver, as we used to say in Africa, with you."

"Surely, lad—I beg your pardon—Doctor I should say."

"I shall be back in a little while, Sweetheart Nan," he said.

"Believe me, there is something in the proverb, 'Tis the darkest hour just before daylight.'"

Now it should here be set down that this was the very last day of Sweetheart Nan's great suffering.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A BIT OF SIMPLE CHRISTIANITY.

THEY went to that pleasant room in which Nan and her father had spent so many happy hours, and sitting down, Gilbert went directly to his subject.

By the way, it should here be set out that Gilbert Dorton was wearing the old charmed guinea which had figured upon the splendid waistcoat of Mr. Boley, when he, Becker Marier, and the yellow shay-cart were all so stuck up together. How it came into Dorton's possession was a very simple matter. That morning, while waiting for the horse which was to carry him and his consolation to the bedside of Sweetheart Nan, Mr. Boley had sauntered up to pay his respects to the Doctor. Boley had taken an interest in medical men for several months. This in reference to Becker Marier. Dorton almost immediately recognised the guinea as one he had lost from his chain on the night of the foolish duel at Oaklands. Boley was quite ready to yield up the property to its rightful owner, but possibly his alacrity in doing so was made the more cheerful by the return gift the young Doctor exhibited.

Dorton little guessed what an important witness against him it would be before the then day had passed.

To return to the Squire and the Doctor, sitting opposite each other in the pleasant morning room. The Squire had taken the place his daughter always used.

As the Squire did not speak, the Doctor broke the silence.

"Nan has told me all—more than all, Squire." Then he added, with the searching nature that is necessary to the doctor, "Nan has been foolish enough to fear, Squire, that you were so tired with your life that you intended to put a stop to it."

The Squire looked uneasily at his questioner, and then he replied, "Perhaps I did think something of the sort—perhaps I did. But, thanks be to the good God, I'm safe from myself now. I don't know what I shall do if my Nan do leave me, and her will. She be right; for if I myself had had to choose 'twixt my Nan and my father, ah should have turned to she—ah should have turned to Sweetheart Nan."

"Well, I think I have a plan which will suit you both, and save Nan the trouble of leaving Oaklands."

The Squire looked up warningly.

"Thee think on a bad road, lad; thee cannot do what thee would will. Thee art making the bad thoughts rise in my heart again."

"In other words, Squire," said Dorton, "you are thinking of putting an end to yourself again. Well, if you have neither any sort of faith or any sort of religion—if you think body and soul go both the same way—if you are sure the latter may not have to witness, as a punishment, that worldly pain from which it fled,—kill away, Squire; for then I've nothing more to say to you."

"Ah believe," said the poor Squire, falling back in his grief upon his provincial tongue; "boot ah am so wretched! Ah do not say ah want to kill myself—boot ah know not what might happen!"

"And so, Squire, you would help out your wretchedness by the way of a crime?"

"Crime, lad?" said the Squire.

"Yes! Depend upon it, the coming of a child bids a man to live for it through all kinds of pain and misery whatever. The little ones are placed under the guardian hip of the fathers. What if these latter desert the post of honour? Depend upon it, He who gives is He only who should take away. To leave the world before your time is to be the worst of deserters, and therefore the worst of cowards!"

"Gilbert!" said the old Squire, becoming stern for the moment. Then dropping into his listless attitude once more, he asked, "Why, lad, what can ah do—what can ah do when Sweetheart Nan be gone?"

"Why should she go? Is there no means of bringing the mother and daughter, and in this house together, without the bringing of shame also?"

"No!"

So spoke the Squire, plainly, conclusively.

"Like the rest of them would be, if they learnt Nan's position," said Dorton, "you believe her a fallen woman! I don't!"

The Squire looked up.

"My poor lad," he said, "thee must be dreaming!"

"I don't!" repeated Dorton. "If you ask me to explain myself, I admit, I can't! But I don't condemn Sweetheart Nan, like others. She may have had some dismal hour of fever, stupidity, or even madness—but as for believing Nan guilty, I won't!"

"Ah've thought praps my poor girl was mad."

"And," continued Gilbert, "as he is unknown, and he does not come forward to repair where he cannot rebuild, perhaps, Squire, he is dead."

"Praps," said the Squire. The idea moved him but a little. His thoughts were now of Sweetheart Nan—not the man who had stolen his one treasure.

"Suppose him dead," the Doctor continued, "what then would impede Nan's marriage?"

"Nan's marriage?" asked the Squire. Then he shook his head dimly. "No! If Nan cannot marry honestly, better she be as she be."

"Honestly, Squire! What do you mean?"

"Ah mean that ah've no doubt ah could find soom poor wretch who would tak Nan and her shame, because they be gilded—but ah'll not have her fall so low as that be. She does noot deserve sooch a fall as that be."

"And if the husband be willing to take her for herself alone, with all her shame upon her, and ungilded to?"

"Him would take her, well knowin' t' money would be his soom day, and no long one away, I be main sure, Gilbert."

Here the old Squire laid his right hand heavily upon his breast.

"What if the man be rich, Squire?" asked Gilbert.

"He would have become richer."

"What," cried Gilbert,—"what if he be an honest gentleman?"

"He might pass to be an honest gentleman, Gilbert, but he would be no sooch thing."

"And what, Squire," said Gilbert, calmly—"what if the man in question be myself?"

The Squire looked up with that wild, all-over-the-world expression, which seems to say that its owner has passed into a new world of thought. Then he blushed with a new hope—it was a long time since hardly-used Squire Lemmings had blushed with pleasure.

Then he spoke.

"Ah did not hear thee right, lad. Thee did not say thee—"

"Would marry Sweetheart Nan? Indeed, I did."

I don't think that Squire Lemmings believed in daily special providence—indeed, I am sure he did not. But it frequently happens that a good, and therefore a religious man, will oftentimes construe his gratitude into a shape which sounds very much like a belief in this kind of exceptional and rather audaciously hoped-for blessing. Indeed, I have understood since from the old Squire that he supposed he meant that the Godhead had given so much of his own essence to man, however much this latter may sometimes hide it under a bushel of sin, that the works of man do tend to a condition of things which looks like special providence. If it is a miracle to make the dying whole, then it is one when a medical man learns how to beat death, and save millions, say from the small-pox. With this long excuse, let me repeat the Squire's words. They were these—

"LORD, THREE ART VERY GOOD!"

Then the old hard-worked hands came together, and a great expanse of peace settled on the Squire's face.

As for the Doctor, there is not much need to say how he appeared. The good, if not deformed, are always beautiful, if you do but know how to look.

"But," said the Squire, looking up, "what have us done, my Sweetheart Nan an' me, that thee art so good to us, Gilbert?"

"Your head was bent, and she has wept so heavily."

"God bless thee, lad!" said the Squire, in his homely Yorkshire tongue.

CHAPTER XLV.

ANOTHER LITTLE SACRIFICE.

AND now it was that as the two men sat together hand in hand, a faint tap came at the door.

When it was opened, Ellen Villiers stood on the threshold.

Very pale and wretched, Ellen Villiers; but determined to do your duty.

By the way, it should be set out here that Lord Penton, upon the coming of Sweetheart Nan's illness, had left the castle; but Ellen Villiers had been equally determined to keep him near Oaklands as to bring him to that place.

He had gone to the little inn down in the village, and there he had remained till this morning. No message had reached him from Ellen, who, he knew, was watching Nan's bedside. Was it possible, the nobleman thought, that loving her friend as she did, she could forget him entirely while nursing her?

I do not think that Penton had spent his two or three days at the Oaklands Arms with any degree of satisfaction. Then again he had another cause for uneasiness in the extraordinary questioning to which his coming wife had submitted him. He recognised in her a new aspect which was altogether inexplicable to him.

Mind, I do not say that Penton was a good man, or one just called for much consideration. But some pity he was worth. If he had lived away, he had been left to learn how to live. An orphan on the father's side, at an early age, he had not the advantages of other men who have judicious parents up to the age of manhood. But if he had wasted life, he could declare himself free of any of the higher grades of fashionable wickedness. For instance—in the way of women, it was very certain that amongst his companions he was looked upon as one who did not systematically follow women to their loss. If they came to him—they came: if not—he left them alone. Hence it was that clear-headed young men said Penton would one day settle down into a respectable husband. And perhaps they were right. He would never make a very sentimental companion for life. But, perhaps, as the world goes, sentiment is an affair which is not a very necessary ingredient in every day life.

Men were not much surprised when they heard he was about to marry the woman about whom he had made a very pretty bet. It was his way, they said, and there was an end of the comments, if

we except that they thought Nelly Villiers a rather lucky woman.

Let all this have been as it might be, it is certain that on that morning, when Lemmings and Dorton sat hand-in-hand in the bright little morning room at Oaklands, that Dorton came up to the castle, unwilling to remain in suspense any longer, and asked for Miss Villiers.

Her first words plunged him still deeper than he had been in his in comprehensibility of the positions he and Nelly held towards one another. "I am glad you have come, Lord Dorton," she said.

And it is to be feared that here the nobleman completely lost what little patience he had been able to maintain. It must be a very hard thing to find the lady whom you expect to be about marrying, a frigid kind of person who accepts all your advances as wrong-doing.

"Indeed, Miss Villiers! Why?" he asked.

"Because Dr. Dorton has arrived."

"And what have I and Dr. Dorton in common?" he asked.

It will be remembered that Dr. Dorton and Dorton had never, to use the term which the friends of both exercised when referring to their mutual dislike—had never "hit it."

"Dr. Dorton is deeply interested in Miss Lemmings," replied Pen-on.

"I don't see your drift, Ellen," said Dorton, taming himself down a little by the use of her Christian name.

"Oh, nonsense, Lord Dorton! How can you be so heartless and so wicked?"

"Now, upon my soul, Ellen Villiers, I know no more what on earth you are driving at than does the great Khan of Tartary."

"Pray remain here," she said, rising.

"Where are you going, Ellen?"

"To speak to Mr. Lemmings."

"And what about?"

"Yourself."

"And may I ask will your speaking to Lemmings lead to an end of all this tomfoolery?"

Shall I then know what on earth all this change in you means?"

"You know well enough. Yes, Lord Dorton."

And here Nelly left the room and went, as the reader already knows, to the room in which the Squire and Dorton were sitting hand in hand.

Ellen Villiers came gravely into the room, shut the door, and moved slowly to where the two men were sitting.

"I want to speak to you both," she said.

"Another time, lass," said the Squire, who was still unable to realise his new life; "Gilbert and me be deeply engaged. Another time, Miss Ellen."

"There is no time like the present," Ellen said, with a smile; "and perhaps I have come to speak about the very matter which is engaging your attention."

The men started, and for a moment looked confused.

Nelly continued, "I know all."

And here Dorton fell back a little. Perhaps he had not bargained that the secret he was about to hide with his name should be known to others than himself, his wife, and her father.

Now, it will be remembered that Nan, in her anger—nay, her madness—had told her father that Nelly knew of the existence of the poor little child which weighed upon these human hearts.

His knowledge Lemmings had not forgotten.

"Thee mean, Miss Villiers," said the Squire, "when thee say thee know all, that thee know of Nan's shame."

"No," said Ellen. "I mean more than that. I mean that I know him."

The two men started, and stood up. I am afraid all the Christianity which had been upon their faces for many minutes now passed away.

"Do thee mean him who caused all our hearts to bleed?" asked the Squire.

"Do you mean the thief who stole what he could not gain?" asked Gilbert.

"Yes," said Ellen.

She was very pale, and a black half circle was below each eye; yet she spoke very firmly.

"Who be he?" asked the Squire; and if you have seen a wolf ready to spring, you have an accurate conception of the appearance of the old and now grey-haired Squire.

Do not blame him. Remember he had been so injured that all his life was changed. And remember still more earnestly that pity for his daughter made up quite as much of his anger as his own degradation through Nan's fall.

Meanwhile, Dorton said no word; but he folded his arms in that placid way which augurs no good for an enemy.

"Who be he?" asked the Squire once again.

"You shall know," said Ellen, shrinking from the power of revenge she herself had called up.

"You shall see him."

"Is he coming here?" asked Gilbert, in a cold, harsh voice.

"Ah shall, and kill him!" said the Squire,—"ah know ah shall kill him!"

And here it was that Ellen flung herself before the door. By that movement she told the remainder of her secret.

(To be concluded in our next)

AN AMERICAN'S DESCRIPTION OF A TEE-TOTALER.—I once travelled through all the States of Maine with one of them as chaps. He was as thin as a whip-post. His skin looked like a blown bladder after some of the air has leaked out, kinder wrinkled and rumpled like, and his eye as dim as a lamp that's livin' on a short allowance of oil. He put me in mind of a pair of kitchen tongs, all legs, shaft, and head, and no belly: real gander-gutted looking critter, as holler as a bamboo walking-cane, and twice as yaller. He actually looked as if he had been picked off a rack at sea and drawn through a gimlet hole. He was a lawyer. Thinks I, the Lord a massy on your clients, you hungry, half-starved looking critter you, you'll eat 'em up alive. You are just the chap to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, tank, shank, and flank, all at a gulp.—*Sam Slick.*

Varieties.

THE LARGEST STATUE IN EUROPE.—The summit of Banvraggie, in Sutherland-shire, is crowned by the colossal monument erected by the Sutherland territory to the memory of the late Duke. A statue, 30 feet high, and containing 80 tons of stone, stands on a pedestal 75 feet in height. The figure, we believe, is an excellent likeness, and forms the largest statue in Europe.—*Scotsman.*

THE AMERICANS.—The Americans are a restless, locomotive people; whether for business or pleasure, they are ever on the move in their country, and they move in masses. There is but one conveyance, it may be said, for every class of people—the coach, railroad, or steamboat, as well as most of the hotels, being open to all. The consequence is, that the society is very much mixed—the millionaire, the well-educated woman of the highest rank, the senator, the member of Congress, the farmer, the emigrant, the swindler, and the pickpocket, are all liable to meet together in the same vehicle of conveyance. Some conventional rules were, therefore, necessary, and those rules have been made by public opinion—a power to which all must submit in America. The one most important, and without which it would be impossible to travel in such a gregarious way, is a universal deference and civility shown to the women, who may, in consequence, travel without protection all over the United States, without the least chance of annoyance or insult. This deference paid to the sex is highly creditable to the Americans; it exists from one end of the Union to the other; indeed, in the Southern and more lawless States it is even more chivalric than in the more settled. Let a female be ever so indifferently clad, whatever her appearance may be, still it is sufficient that she is a female; she has the first accommodation, and, until she has it, no man will think of himself.

LITTLE KATE.

I KNEW a beautiful little child,
Happy innocent and mild,
And fair to look upon;
But though she was strong, yet she lived not long,
For, at three years old,
The tale was told,
And little Kate was gone!
She scarcely op'd her eyes upon the world,
To glad those round her with her childish play,
Ere death his fatal weapon hurl'd,
And snatched our Kate away.

However, what kind heart would grieve
That little Kate should leave
This world below, of vice and woe,
For one above,
Where discords cease, and all is peace,
And unity, and love?

COSSACK COMPARED WITH ENGLISH HORSES.—With regard to the powers of endurance of the Cossack horse, extraordinary tales are told, as in all countries where no heavy wagers test the marvels related. The stories of wonderful performances are so constantly and so well authenticated, that one could hardly have doubted their immense superiority over our own horses, had not the matter been set at rest by a remarkable trial, towards the close of the late emperor's reign. A wager was laid by Mr. Gibson, the English consul, that two English horses would beat any two Cossack horses which could be selected, at a race of fifty versts, or upwards of thirty-three English miles. This took place long after the Cossack horses had been improved by the admixture of English and Arabian blood, and Mr. G. had no particular horses in view on making the match. He commissioned a friend to send two horses for the purpose. Two tolerably well-bred, but at that date naturally not thorough-bred hunters, were sent out to him; whilst the Russians selected out of some fifty thousand of the best horses in the Cossack country. The race took place in the presence of the Emperor Alexander; regiments of Cossacks were dispersed along the line to keep it clear, thousands of pounds were bet on the issue of the match, and an immense concourse of people assembled to witness it. It commenced under these disadvantages for the Englishman: firstly, they had grown men to ride, while the Cossack horses were ridden at feather weight; and secondly one of the two English horses fell dead lame at starting. The other, at the half-way station, arrived whilst the two Cossacks were far out of sight, and its rider being full of contempt for his antagonists, dismounted, both to refresh himself and his steed; meanwhile the Cossacks came up and passed onwards. Now it happened that the commander of the Cossack horsemen stationed to keep the line, was deeply interested in the issue of the race, and contrived to be made acquainted at every instant with its progress. For this purpose the Cossacks had private orders, whenever the Russians were ahead, to hold their lances perpendicular; when the English were foremost, to drop them horizontally. As the horsemen were in sight of each other, this signal was in a few minutes telegraphed from one to the other, up to the count. At about the middle of the race, where the English horse had stopped, the lances, after being constantly down, were suddenly raised up, and Orloff, imagining that now the bottom of the Cossacks was beginning to tell, made sure of victory, and betted another hundred thousand roubles on the event. But he was caught in his own trap—the lances went up again—the English horse came in at last, in miserable plight, it is true, but the Cossack horses never came in at all, either dying, or being obliged to be killed, where they had fallen.

SPEAKING OF Hall's Lung Restorer, a medicine everywhere known as unequalled for coughs, asthma, hoarseness, sore throat, and consumption, the Rev. J. Prosser, Wrockwardine-wood, Wellington, says:—"I never knew a solitary instance of its failure." Sold by most chemists in bottles at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each, or sent to any address by the proprietor, T. Hall, Chemist, 6 Commercial-street, London, N.E., for 14s. 3d., 5d., or 12s. 6d.—(Advertisement.)

Wit and Wisdom.

A WICKED WISH.—The other day, at Bristol, a thief, having first fastened the shop-door on the outside, deliberately cut out a pane of glass, and stole twenty-eight wedding-rings from the window, with which he got clear off. The shopkeeper wishes he may wed a wife with every ring!

THE REV. DR. SCOREBY. At a recent lecture delivered by him at Bradford, speaking of the alleged Yankee propensity to ask impertinent questions, said that the only pertinaciously inquisitive questioner he had met with, whose hot fires of queries almost led him to concede that this trait of Yankeeism had not been exaggerated, on inquiry turned out to be a Scotchman.

IMAGINARY COLD.—The late Saville Carey, who imitated the whistling of the wind through a narrow chink, frequently practised the deception in a coffee-house, and he seldom failed to see some of the company rise to examine the tightness of the windows; while others, more intent on their newspapers, contented themselves with putting on their hats and buttoning their coats.

THE TRUSTY SERVANT.—A young gallant, who had an appointment with a lady for the evening, found himself, after dining with some friends, forced to make up a party at 100; he, therefore, called his servant, and despatched him to make his excuses to the fair one, enjoining him at the same time to bring back the answer as if it came from a gentleman. The servant fulfilled his mission, and on his return his master asked him, "If the gentleman was at home?" The servant replied "that he was." "And what did he say?" questioned the master. "That he was very well, and hoped to see you to-morrow evening," replied John. "What was he doing when you entered?" again interrogated the master. "Putting on his bonnet and shawl," coolly replied the simple John.

THE COUNSELLOR AND THE CLOWN.—A jury having been empanelled at Bath to assess damages for false imprisonment under the game-laws, the following examination of a witness by Mr. Ludlow took place:—"Mr. Ludlow: Do you know Mr. Chivers?"—Witness: Ees, zur, I know him very well; I zeed un down at Gloucester 'sizes, where you were counsel against un.—Mr. Ludlow: Indeed, I didn't recollect that—you have a better memory than I have.—Witness: Noa, zur, I don't think I ha'; I wish I'd half as good.—Mr. Ludlow: Did you ever see any law-books in Mr. Chivers's room?"—Witness: Noa, zur.—Mr. Ludlow: But there must have been some: people couldn't do without books, you know.—Witness: Noa, zur, they couldn't sure enough: parsons couldn't bother people so, if you hadn't books to go by.

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FUNERALS.—A small brochure, recently published by the Necropolis Company upon the subject of Interments, is well deserving perusal by all persons upon whom circumstances may have devolved the duty of making provision for the burial of the dead. It also explains the simple, approved and economical new system of conducting funerals. It may be had, or will be sent by post, on application at the Company's Office, 2, Lancaster-place, Strand; 60, Abchurch-lane, E.C.; Kennington-green; 1, Union-place, New Kent-road; 20, New-castle-street, Strand, and the Station, Westminster-road.

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MATRIMONY.—A Young Gentleman, of prepossessing appearance, twenty-five years of age, with a good education, honorable, but poor, and owner of a warm, generous heart, desires to open a correspondence with a young lady of pleasing address, good family, and some little fortune with a view to marriage. Reply in good faith. Carries de visites exchanged if agreeable. Address, Post Office, St. Helens, Jersey.

MATRIMONY.—A Young Gentleman of literary acquirements, twenty years of age, wishes for a lady correspondent from seventeen to twenty years of age, and who is refined and good-looking. Exchange of photographs solicited. Address, JOHN H. R., Poste Restante, Calais.

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